



Ratcliffe Hicks.

OBSERVATIONS

BY
RATCLIFFE HICKS

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1899

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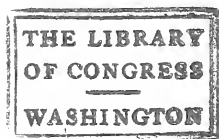
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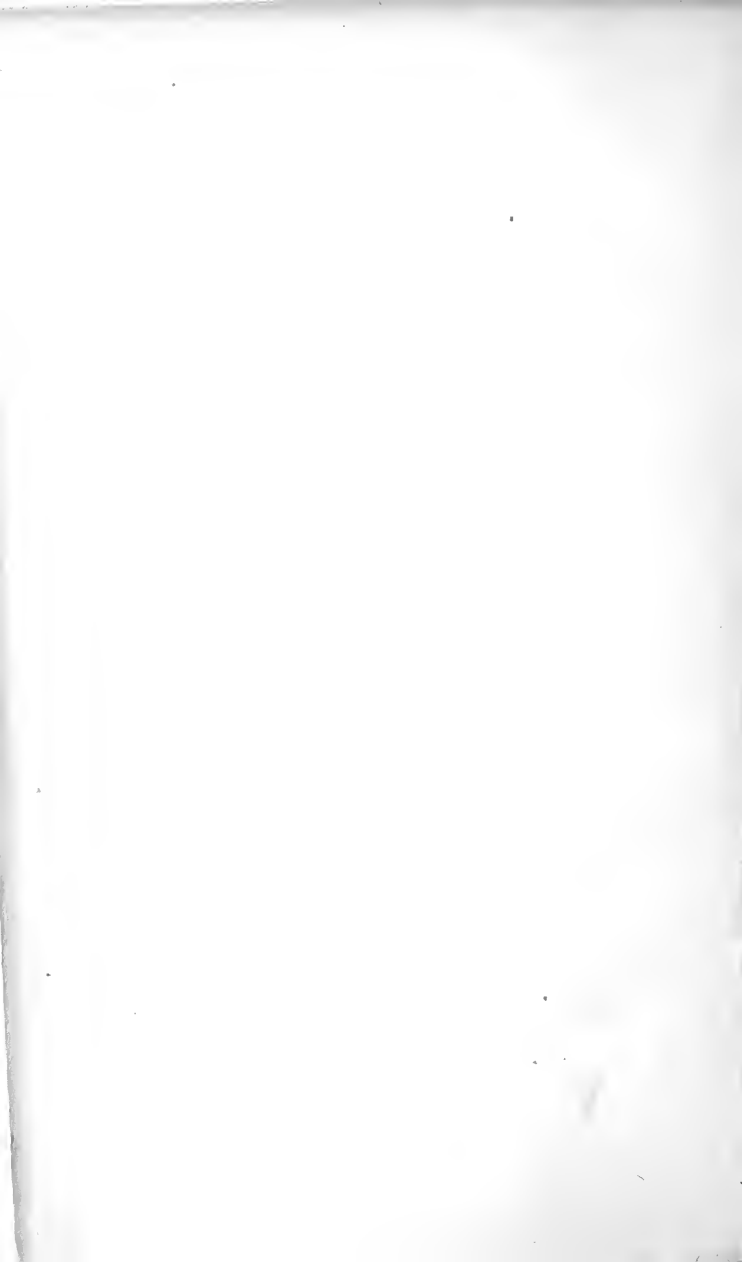
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To
My Sister
MINNIE HELLEN HICKS

WHOSE SISTERLY LOVE AND DEVOTION
I HOLD AS ONE OF THE MOST PRECIOUS
AND SACRED TREASURES OF MY LIFE

I DEDICATE THIS BOOK.



INTRODUCTION

WHOEVER cares to peruse these pages will soon learn that they contain no studied description and no learned dissertation, but are simply the offhand utterances of a man who for twenty-five years was deeply absorbed in business cares, and who has jotted down, from time to time (1898-1899), a few observations for his own amusement and occupation, while compelled to seek rest and recreation in foreign lands.

I beg the kind indulgence of the reader, and ask him to remember how and why they were written.

RATCLIFFE HICKS.



OBSERVATIONS

FIRST LETTER

AFTER a delightful voyage across the Atlantic I arrived in Havre. Most of the way it was like the waters of Long Island Sound.

The novelty of European life and scenery has worn off for me, after having crossed the Atlantic Ocean over forty times. More than a whole year of my life I have spent on that ocean. I often think that it is a great mistake to visit any place more

than once, and even to stay too long there, for first impressions soon dim—the best and most enjoyable of all—and the place loses its marked aspects, and its memories fade into indistinctness. I think that is the opinion of all travelers. Who would not like to remember New York, London, or Paris, as it appeared to him on his first visit?

But no matter how many times you visit Europe there are some things that will ever appear new or odd to an American :

To see cattle drawing heavy loads by their horns, and not their shoulders, and cows used in place of oxen.

To see men and women wearing wooden shoes that perhaps their

fathers and grandfathers before them wore.

To see women and dogs hitched up together, drawing heavy loads.

It is estimated that in Germany women and dogs do more hauling than all the combined railroads.

To see cemeteries where they dig up the bodies after four years, saving only the skulls, cleaning and marking them, and arranging them family-wise in a great open vault as is done in parts of Austria.

To see the ever present soldier and the omnipotent officer on horseback, and in many countries of Europe considered the only human being worthy to be commemorated by a public statue.

To see on Sunday gowned priests attending horse-races, and likewise stern Lutheran clergymen rolling ten-pins in public places.

To see aged and respectable men and women sitting around a public gaming-table as if they were attending an afternoon tea.

To see men kissing each other on the streets.

To see most Frenchwomen pull up their dresses waist-high to find the pocket they now put in their petticoat.

These and a hundred other peculiarities can never fail to make a fresh impression upon an American.

By traveling you soon learn that human nature is about the same the

world over, and not to think too despairingly of any nation. Just as there are good and bad Americans, there are good and bad Frenchmen, Englishmen, Irishmen, Germans, Spaniards, Chinese, and Negroes. I dislike to hear people speak disrespectfully of any nation. They all have their good qualities and their faults, the same as we Americans. I have never had or seen any trouble about getting along anywhere, and no one will if they only observe the Golden Rule, "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you." Your pocketbook may suffer a little, but your life and property will be well cared for.

“ I detect more good than evil in Humanity ;
Love lights more fires than hate extin-
guishes.”

One thing I do like about all these European nations is their strict observance of law and order. The life and property of the humblest citizen are as safe as that of any king or emperor. It has been well said that each man's house is his castle, that no king dare molest him, or it, even though the roof may be open to the winds and rains, and he himself be clad in rags. You remember the story of the humble German citizen, who refused to sell or vacate his house in order that the emperor might enlarge his palace, and the emperor had to wait until the man died.

Such an occurrence as happened last spring in South Carolina, the murder of a colored postmaster and his innocent little daughter while they were fleeing from his burning home, because he was conducting the post-office therein, never could have happened in Europe, not even in despised Spain, in this year of our Lord. Much less such a horrible act as I read of in the New Orleans *Picayune* last April,—the burning of a cabin and a poor sick negro, because he had the smallpox. They know no State's Rights doctrine in Europe that makes possible such deeds.

Again, not even the Czar of all the Russias dares to do what a witless boy speculator in Chicago (Leiter)

lately did, to wit, advance the price of bread to every workingman in the land. Such wild speculation in the necessities of life never has been and never will be permitted on any Bourse in Europe. These are some of the advantages of a life in Europe. I may in a subsequent letter speak of some of the disadvantages, for give me America as a home.

SECOND LETTER

THERE is one thing we Americans, with all our boasting, can learn of other nations: the value of continued and persistent application for generation after generation, by father and son, to the same line of occupation, enabling them thereby to produce results which, with all our inventive genius, we are not able to equal.

In the city of St. Étienne, perched high up on the mountains in the south of France, in little shops no larger and no better than an ordinary

country blacksmith shop in New England, they produce gun-barrels which for temper and strength are far superior to any that have ever been manufactured in America. It is a well-known fact that all the best sporting guns, presumably made in the United States, have imported gun-barrels.

In far-away Norway, with the rudest of tools, they are able to chisel and polish stones, and the workmanship cannot be equalled by the finest machinery ever set up in any quarry in America.

On the west coast of England they have produced for a century and more a broadcloth that, with a seventy per cent. duty in the United States for

the last thirty years as an incentive, our manufacturers have not been able to match; and English broad-cloth is to-day superior to broad-cloth made in any other part of the world.

There are no jacks-of-all-trades in Europe. A man does only one simple thing, does that all his life, and teaches his children to follow in his footsteps.

It is one of the claims advanced in favor of the superiority of the massage treatment at the celebrated water-cure, Aix-les-Bains, that the mysteries of the profession have been handed down from father to son from time immemorial. I think there is much in the claim. It is certainly

the largest and most successful water-cure on the globe, and something must have given it this success. For the cure of rheumatism, gout, and kindred diseases, there is no place like it probably on either Continent. It was known to the Romans, and has since been patronized by all neighboring civilized people. The ruins here of extinct Roman baths and other Roman or mediæval structures are very interesting to visit.

To carry the illustration a little farther: The physician whom I am consulting says he speaks from an experience of sixty years in the use of these waters, he himself having been here thirty years, and his predecessor thirty years before him.

While I am writing on this subject, it may be interesting to add, as every one knows who has suffered from rheumatism, that there has as yet been no drug discovered that can cure the disease, and that a million dollars awaits the man who first makes the discovery.

Let me also add that, whether right or wrong, and I will not attempt here to discuss the question, the treatment at Aix-les-Bains varies from that of any similar water-cure, or the practice of any physician in the United States. The patient disrobes, and two attendants massage you while the hot water is being poured over your body from a hose. At the end of ten or fifteen minutes, you are wrapped in

flannel blankets, and two men carry you home in a canopied chair resting on two bars, and put you to bed, where you are expected to remain a half-hour. An attendant from your hotel or boarding-house carries your flannel blankets to the bath-house, and brings home your clothes in a bag. The sight of these canopied chairs in the streets is both amusing and singular. They tell you here to eat and drink anything you like, provided it does not distress you, and not to take any medicine, if possible to get along without it, but to depend upon the massage in connection with the natural waters found here in such abundance, arguing that medicine which is good for one part of

the body may be bad for another part.

The temperature of the sulphur spring is 113 degrees, and of the alum spring 115 degrees Fahrenheit, showing it comes from a depth of about four thousand feet.

Apropos, I might add that last spring it was my misfortune to be taken down in Chicago, on my way home from California, with a severe attack of sciatica. After a week's treatment in a hospital I secured a private car and went to Saratoga Springs, and, after a month, to Hot Springs, Virginia. I consulted or employed in the meantime seven doctors, and each one condemned all that the other doctors had done

for me, and each told me that I was fortunate to be alive after taking the previous doctor's dreadful medicine. At last I became disgusted with the whole business and said: "To the dogs with your drugs! I will try what an ocean trip will do, and what the experience of centuries at Aix-les-Bains has taught mankind to be the proper treatment for rheumatism." I am more than pleased with the results.

These same doctors gave me six different diet lists. One said I might eat all vegetables that grow above the ground but nothing that grows in it. The next one said such a doctor was a fool; that death lurked for me in the watery cabbage. One doctor

said I might eat carrots, and the next said if I did my stomach would become hard and distended like a beer barrel. Another commanded a diet of fish, and the next one scouted the idea, saying I might just as well pour soapsuds into my stomach. One told me to live mainly on soups, and the next one when he called found me eating soup, and ordered all soups taken away from me as if I had been eating rank poison.

So I pasted all six diet lists together on one page in my scrap-book, and call it my medical crazy quilt, or Hippocrates confounded.

THIRD LETTER

THERE is one thing in which the people on the Continent have an advantage over Americans, and especially us New Englanders. They know how to extract more happiness out of life than we do. Whether they will suffer proportionally in the next world for whatever advantage they have gained in this, I leave to theologians to discuss: I simply record the fact.

I think no one who has ever visited these countries has failed to observe how men, women, and children, the

whole family, seem to enjoy their pleasures together, and, as often as every week, if not oftener, they apparently plan for some little outing. I am not in favor of work or play on Sunday, but if people are happier working or playing than being idle, then above all other things I wish to see them happy. Thomas Jefferson said: "To be happy one must be busy." Idleness is the parent of vice. People who work or play on Sunday have had no intellectual training, and work or play is their only recreation, and they are simply miserable when not working or playing. This accounts largely for the so-called Continental Sabbath.

The first time I went to Germany,

my friends, originally nice New England people, invited me Sunday afternoon to accompany them to a fête in a neighboring village, and I went.

Every village of any size on the Continent has a fête, lasting ten days or more each year, made up of little shows, and temporary booths for the sale of small wares.

It is remarkable how quickly even the strictest of American Pharisees conform themselves to the habits and customs of Europe. A good Christian woman, a leader in the Sunday-school at home, and whose father would not start on a journey until five minutes after midnight rather than travel on Sunday, came to Paris, and the very first week was

invited, and attended a grand reception given by President Carnot at the Elysée, where music, dancing, and refreshments were the order of the day. This lady did only what ninety-nine out of every hundred persons who come to Europe do, only the act may vary in character. While these people know nothing of the thousand and one comforts that a New England home possesses, and while they are taxed most unmercifully to maintain vast standing armies, and while their lot is humble and arbitrary, with little chance or hope of ever rising above it, still they are happy.

Factories in Germany shut down half an hour about ten A.M., and

again about three P.M., and beer is furnished to the help. In the fields, men and women work together, and their merry laughter as they go back and forth from their work makes a dyspeptic American envious. None are so poor or ignorant that they do not know how to dance, and they will sit for hours, listening to music at street corners, cafés, or parks.

I heard the late Rev. S. F. Smith, author of the world-famous hymn, "My Country, 't is of Thee," say that about the year 1830 he visited Germany, and was astonished at the singing in the public schools, a thing then unknown in America, and after his return home he wrote that hymn to be sung by school-children. But

men and women as well as children have been singing it ever since. He said he wanted to introduce into New England life some of the innocent pleasures of the Old World.

When one goes to Scotland all this changes, and you are among a far different people. One Sunday I was walking in the suburbs of Edinburgh, and fell in with a young Scotchman ; we walked some miles together. He told me it was not considered respectable to be seen walking or strolling about Edinburgh on Sunday, and that one Monday morning, a few years before, when he went to his accustomed place in the Glasgow Bank, one of the governors or managers sent for him to come to his private

office. He went, and the manager asked him if he did not see him strolling on Sunday last, and he said, yes, he went out for exercise. The manager replied it did not look well for a young man to be seen loitering around the streets on the Sabbath day. He turned and asked me where I supposed that man was now? I told him I supposed in Heaven. He replied, "Not yet; he is in jail."

You will remember the great failure of the Glasgow Bank, involving several million dollars. It was proven that these managers had been robbing the bank systematically for years, and although they were old and gray-headed, and some of them

of noble families, the English courts, as they generally do, proved no respecter of persons, and punished them very severely.

A friend of mine, an American by birth, but for a long time a resident of London, told me that one summer he took a cottage in the Scottish Highlands. His wife on Sunday played some sacred music on a piano. That was something awful for his Scotch neighbors, and Monday a delegation of ladies called to remonstrate with his wife against such blasphemous music on the Lord's Day. In parts of Scotland, Presbyterian funerals are conducted without any religious service at the grave, and the singing of a hymn would be the

signal for a riot. Every traveler knows what a stupid city London is on Sunday, and yet it boasts of thirty thousand bar-maids, and immorality wears a bolder and more unblushing front than in any city, Christian or Pagan, on either Hemisphere so far as I have visited.

The rulers, or governments, on the Continent take advantage of the contented and happy disposition of their subjects, which no Anglo-Saxon people would submit to for a day.

A gentleman in Hamburg, Germany, told me that one day he came home, and his wife said to him the butler had been saucy, that she had discharged him, and he went away threatening trouble. Sure enough,

he went to the police station, and reported that he had overheard this gentleman say, while dining at his own table, "The Emperor acted like a fool in leading an orchestra in public." This gentleman was called to account, and punished by confinement in his own house for thirty days. Only a few years since, it was a crime for any man in Germany to wear a red neck-tie, or for persons to wear anything red, as that was the color adopted by the Socialists, and its wearing was, therefore, condemned by the State, no matter whether the wearer was or was not in sympathy with Socialism.

When my mother was in Berlin, and after she had been there the

allotted two weeks, the police officer called and wanted to know how long she expected to stay, her income, her business there, etc., as if a woman seventy years old could overthrow the German Empire, or endanger the life of her Emperor. Many Americans refuse to live in Germany, these oft-repeated questions and the constant surveillance of the police become so annoying. They do not like to live under a Government run, as Emperor William says, by "me and God."

How true it is,

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

FOURTH LETTER

A PERSON learns by travelling that the United States is not all the world. It is mortifying to hear Englishmen brag that if they had agreed to the proposals of the Continental powers we would have been wiped out on land and sea in our war with Spain. Again, to hear them brag that they are largely absorbing the business of the United States,—its railroads, its mines, its coal and iron deposits, its breweries and wineries, its thread factories, its machinery factories, and its wheat-fields, and so on.

It is too true that they are carrying all our exports and imports in their ships; that the price of wheat is largely fixed in London and not in Chicago, cotton in Liverpool and not in New Orleans, and wool at London's annual sales. Over 20,000,000 acres of land in the United States are now owned by English capitalists,—a tract of land about as large as New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, and Connecticut combined.

Gov. Marshall Jewell once told me that he sent his agents through South America to sell goods, but found to his sorrow that all bills would have to be paid through London banking-houses, and that consequently it would leave him no profits.

In speaking of Jewell, I am reminded that, when once in Vienna, I heard a man relate how he went with Mr. Jewell to solicit an order for the belts in a new factory being erected near the city. Mr. Jewell told the interpreter to tell the man, first, that he had been Governor of Connecticut ; second, that he had been United States Minister to Russia ; third, that he had been Postmaster-General in Grant's cabinet. The man said something in German and the interpreter smiled. Jewell asked what the man said. " Why, he says he wonders how so great a man could come so far to solicit his small order."

But to return to the previous matter. When the Englishman gets

through bragging, I feel like telling him that the sun does not shine on any so-called civilized land where more people die daily of starvation, where more ragged children, more abject poverty, more downright human suffering exists, than in the land ruled by England's Queen. The lust for land and wealth has eaten out the heart and the humanity of our Anglo-Saxon cousins, and they are aptly represented by their Queen. I have been shocked many and many a time, in England, to hear serious Englishmen speak so disparagingly of their Queen. It is a common remark :

“ Oh ! you Americans may laud our Queen, but she is all for self and her family, and scarcely a mite

of her immense fortune has she ever bestowed to aid one poor bleeding, suffering soul in all her realm."

Alas, it is too true, and she complacently eats, rides, and sleeps, amid the most appalling suffering to be found in any part of the civilized world, as any one can testify who has traversed the poorer districts of London, Liverpool, or Manchester, to say nothing of the scenes to be witnessed in Ireland, India, and in other parts of her dominions.

The population of France is 38,000,000, and has registered paupers, 290,000. Germany has 52,000,000 population, and has registered paupers, 320,000. Italy, poor though it be, with a population of 29,000,000,

has registered paupers, 270,000, while the British Islands, with a population of 37,000,000, have the astounding number of registered paupers, 887,000.

It is these sad sights to be met with so frequently, that detract from the pleasures of travel in a foreign land. You may see in one day more wretchedness and poverty than you will see in a whole lifetime in our blessed New England.

The Czar of Russia has called a council of European nations to see if there cannot be a step taken towards a general disarmament, knowing full well that in fifty or a hundred years Europe must be ruined either by war or famine; that this increasing

military expenditure cannot go on for ever.

Some day I trust there will also be a law to prevent the increase of the population by the vicious, the sickly, the incompetent, and the penniless, for it is a crime which cries to heaven for vengeance, that innocent little children should be thrust into this world under such dreadful circumstances, and born to a life of penury and suffering.

It is one of the anomalies of nature that population increases most rapidly in famine-infected districts, as is shown by recent statistics in India.

It is all very well for Ella Wheeler Wilcox to write sentimental poetry on "Babyland and the Stork," but

the stork does n't light more than once out of ten times in the right place. Society has got to protect itself, or be in the end swamped by human vermin. Education or colonization does n't solve the problem. The Lord helps those people and nations that help themselves. Self-preservation is the first law of nature alike for the individual and the commonwealth. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.

The French population is the only one in Europe that remains the same, births and deaths being about equal, and hence largely their prosperity. There is a place for every child that is born, but even here the births are in too large a proportion among the

low and irresponsible element of society.

Perhaps, however, I take a wrong view, and perhaps it is better to steel your heart against all the suffering you see in your travels in Europe, and charge it up to the Almighty. Some people have charged enough misery in the last six thousand years to the account of the Almighty to make the stones in the streets shed tears, and they would still add to the account.

It is not the men and women for whom my heart bleeds, but it is for the poor, half-starved, ragged, sad-visaged children that thwart your path in every city in Europe. I would give them dollars where I

would give pennies to those brutal, worthless outlaws, our Cuban allies.

In contrast to Queen Victoria there is one ruler in Europe who has devoted his whole life conscientiously to the welfare of his people, and is revered by all : Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, the most simple and unpretentious ruler in the world (yet the lot of the laborer is lamentable). I saw him at his palace at Ischl, a plain, ordinary château, and driving unattended in not so good an equipage as many a Connecticut man boasts. Every year twelve paupers are selected from the public poor-houses in Vienna, and are taken to a church where this same gray-haired, venerable Emperor, in accordance

with a very ancient custom, washes their feet. But it is said that their feet are already scrupulously clean, as these men have been preparing a year for the rite. It is a ceremony which, once seen, however, is never to be forgotten.

FIFTH LETTER

I CANNOT help noticing the marvellous changes that have taken place in the twenty years since I first visited Europe. Cities like London, Paris, Berlin, and Vienna have shown the same development and progress as our own New England cities. It will not do to think that all the world stands still, and only America progresses.

France has risen Phœnix-like from her ashes, and has made as much progress in the last twenty-five years, if not more, than any nation on the

globe. These twenty-five years and little more, since the Franco-Prussian war, she would not exchange for any previous one hundred years in her history.

Emperor William knows to-day that she is a foe worthy of his steel. Never was she so ably led, so strongly armed, so honestly governed, thanks to Bismarck and Von Moltke, who drove the worthless Napoleon III. from the throne, and put the Government in the hands of the people, and thereby established a République which is proving a warning and a lesson to the monarchical governments of Europe. The training of centuries has taught the French people the fundamental principles of national

prosperity and growth, to wit: industry and economy.

I well remember one day standing on the rue de Rivoli in Paris and seeing a long line of peasants, men and women, in their blue blouses, with their lunch baskets. I asked what it all meant, and was told that the next day at 9 A.M. the new Government Loan was open for application, and these people would stand there in line all night to be on hand at the opening. A sight I venture you can see in no other country. The peasantry of France are more contented and prosperous than the peasantry of America, England, Germany, or any other nation, and that is the reason they seldom emigrate. The

prosperity of the farmer is the only real substantial basis of the prosperity of any people. In France there are only 8 paupers to 1000 population, while in Ireland 23, in Scotland 24, and in England 28.

Napoleon I. will be commended in history as long as civilization lasts for two things: first, the establishment of the Code Napoleon, reducing to elementary principles the laws controlling the life and property of French subjects; and, secondly, the annihilation of great landed estates, and the distribution of the land among the common people.

One half of the population of France is engaged in agriculture. The ninety million acres under cul-

tivation are divided among five and a half millions of proprietors, most of whom own less than six acres. At the close of the Franco-Prussian war Germany exacted a subsidy or penalty of \$200,000,000, and the German army was, by the treaty, to garrison France until that sum was paid with interest. Bismarck calculated that it would take from twenty to thirty years for France to recover from the ravages of the war and to pay off this debt. It has always been urged that Bismarck was outwitted by Favre, the French representative who negotiated the treaty, as he imposed upon Bismarck as to the magnitude of the indemnity by claiming that it would take a train of eighty freight

cars, packed solid with gold, to transport the two hundred million dollars' indemnity from Paris to Berlin, or a train of drays more than half a mile long. But the very first year after the war the French Government called for a loan of two hundred million dollars to pay off this debt, and the peasantry of France went down into their old blue stockings, and subscribed the amount thirty times over, much to the chagrin of Bismarck, and the German army had to be withdrawn.

In Germany it is entirely different, for Germany, with all her progress, is wretchedly poor. Out of every 1000 men 920 have less than \$225 income a year, and out of this \$225 they

must support their families. That is a picture of poverty literally appalling. Only 20 men out of every 10,000 have an income of more than \$2375 a year, and 29,000,000 out of 32,000,000 live on an income of less than 62 cents a day. No wonder they emigrate. No wonder they are socialists. No wonder Emperor William trembles for his throne.

All the governments of Continental Europe have exhausted nearly every known means of raising taxes. I have not time to begin to enumerate the most odious. One day I was going to Germany and I had in the car four oranges. They made me pay duty on them. A friend of mine brought a cake from Paris to give to

his sister, who was at school in Germany, and they made him pay duty on it. In Germany you must pay an income tax if your income exceeds \$255 a year.

At the entrance of every city in France there are officers who exact duties (they are called octroi duties) for everything brought into the city by the farmer, the butcher, the milkman, etc. If you hire an apartment in France by the year, besides the rent to the landlord you must pay taxes to the Government for the front windows, and also for the balcony if there is one.

At many of the watering-places in Europe, if you stay two weeks you must pay a tax to the local authorities.

At Carlsbad the tax is equivalent to \$3, and as over 50,000 people visit that place every summer, this tax is a great source of revenue.

In Spanish countries a farmer cannot slaughter his own animals, like sheep or swine, until he has first paid the tax, and again can sell nothing off his farm until he pays for a license. It would seem as if the devil himself had had a hand in grinding the toiling masses of Europe.

No leading power in Europe will commence a serious war in our lifetime, for the want of funds. They are all on the defensive. A distinguished author has lately argued that the next great naval war will turn on the supply of coal; that

every man-o'-war would soon exhaust its supply, and that if all neutral ports were closed no coal could be obtained when outside their own ports. Coaling stations in distant parts of the world would soon be exhausted or destroyed. This writer claims that a combination of miners at a critical period, and a refusal to mine more coal, would paralyze any nation, as it takes three years' training to make a successful miner. The Franco-Prussian war lasted only six months, and cost France in money, in one way and another, according to the best authorities, \$1,800,000,000. War to-day is a question of money, a battle of dollars, and no nation cares to take the risk of bankrupting itself

by engaging in a war with its equal.

They are all like the big bully who kicks a poor lame, friendless boot-black, but doffs his hat to a policeman as if he were a king.

They will all shoot for amusement each year a few hatless, shoeless, homeless savages in Africa, or Asia, but they want no war near at home.

A prominent clergyman of the Established Church only recently said : " I am sorry for the thousands whom England lets die every year of preventable diseases, because we are too busy or too comfortable to save their lives ; comforting ourselves with the thought that we did not make the world and are not responsible for it."

SIXTH LETTER

ON my first trip to Europe, years ago, I commenced my travels, as do most people, by visiting the ruins in England and Scotland, of which all Englishmen are so proud, and about which they never tire of talking.

These ruins date back from three to six hundred years, to about the time America was settled. I admired them, and justly, for our ancestors built them, and it is about all that is left to tell us that we ever had any English ancestors.

It was hard for me to get as enthusiastic over these English ruins as many people do. You have only to go back eighteen or twenty generations, a mere speck on the dial of time, to find that the ancestors of these same Englishmen were nearly unclad savages, roaming through the forests of Northern and Central Europe, and indulging in cruelties that make a North American Indian appear respectable. The word Anglo-Saxon is derived from the names of two heathen nations, Angles and Saxons, who invaded England about A.D. 450, drove out the Christians, and have ever since remained the dominant race in the British Isles.

One day I visited the Castle at

Nuremberg, that quaint and most interesting old city in Germany, and looked at the large collection of instruments of torture, and lost in one hour all my respect and adoration for the ancestors of my English ancestors.

After all, the world is mostly interested in what manner of a man you are, and not so much whether your ancestor three or four generations back was a fifer in the Continental army, or an orderly and groomed George Washington's horse; or whether, twenty generations back, they herded with wild animals in the jungles of Central Europe; or whether, sixty generations back, they were at the sacking of Rome, and helped

with fiendish glee in the destruction of beautiful statues, paintings, libraries, and every vestige of a marked civilization.

Once, in the British Parliament, when some one twitted Disraeli of being a Jew, and that his ancestors murdered the Saviour of mankind, he replied: "It may be true that my ancestors hung Christ to the cross, but at that time your English ancestors were prowling through Central Europe, clad in skins, and living in trees or caves, subsisting on roots and berries, and chattering in an unlettered and an unintelligible gibberish."

When I crossed to the Continent I began to see older ruins, and the Eng-

lish ruins grew tame and uninteresting. When I saw a building a thousand years old, I began to realize the dimness of history ; how the history of mankind fades back into a fathomless darkness, which no man is able to comprehend or explain, and about which he can only speculate or conjecture.

It is almost beyond belief, but nevertheless true, that Italy derives more income yearly from her world-famous ruins than from all her agricultural and manufacturing industries combined. Even in ordinary years, foreign sightseers spend over 300,000,000 francs in Italy.

As I went farther East the ruins became older and more venerable, until I stood, at Athens and Rome,

amid ruins that have survived the rack of twenty centuries, ruins that were old when Christ was born.

As I stood there I thought, what do we owe, if anything, to these nations that have perished, and now live only in history, and in these mute but mighty ruins. We think we owe them nothing. On the other hand, no man can measure what we owe to these by-gone nations in the development of a spoken and written language, in art, science, philosophy, jurisprudence, and in literature and learning. Every sentiment in the Declaration of Independence, and every principle of liberty enunciated in our Constitution, was taught by the Athenians, who did more for human liberty than

any other people, past or present. A renowned writer, one of the greatest of modern literary artists, has said : “ All the triumphs of truth and genius over prejudice and power, in every country and in every age, have been the triumphs of Athens.” No man has yet appeared, endowed with learning so vast, with patience so inexhaustible, and with time and talents so illimitable as to be able to enumerate or epitomize all that is valuable, which has been transmitted to us from these dead and obliterated nations.

As I wandered through the British Museum, and that other wonderful museum of Roman and Grecian antiquities at Naples, I got a glimpse

of a civilization that paralleled, and in some respects excelled, our own. I have not the time to enumerate the large number of articles I saw in those museums which we have now in daily use—so many things we think are modern. A Connecticut manufacturer has grown rich by patenting and manufacturing safety pins. I saw exactly the same things that were taken from the ruins of Pompeii and are now exhibited in the museum at Naples. Perhaps the sports of the ancients were sometimes cruel and their conduct brutal, but not more so than when three years ago in a prosperous city in America, five thousand people gathered at midday in a public square and shouted with

fiendish glee as a negro was being tortured and burnt to death.

In reading an account of Cicero and his contemporaries, I marvelled to learn that the wealthy Romans lived in a sumptuousness of style not yet equalled by a Vanderbilt or a Rockefeller. Modern civilization has produced no brighter or more enduring names than Cicero, Demosthenes, Plato, Aristotle, Lycurgus, and Paul. As yet we know but little of what might be known of those ancient people.

I was talking with an English traveler who assisted in unearthing from the sands of an Egyptian plain, two or three years ago, some of the lost sayings of the Saviour. He said

that they were digging in what was evidently the suburbs of some ancient city, among the rubbish that had been dumped outside the walls, and said they had recovered enough manuscript [papyrus] to occupy them for twenty years in deciphering and translating them, so slow is the work.

It is to be wondered whether when, twenty centuries hence, some man delves among the sweepings of abandoned and desolated London, he will find as much to interest him, or to commend its former inhabitants, as this Englishman found in the sterile plains of Egypt. It is hard to draw a fine line of distinction between our English and our Roman ancestors. They both marched, exultant and

triumphant, over the weak and scattered tribes of foreign lands, and carried, one to Rome, and the other to London, the spoils of their diabolical raids. Rome plunged, in a few years, from the Augustan age, the crowning epoch in her history, to her fall, bowed beneath treachery at home and savage enemies from abroad.

The recent action of the French in Africa, where it is proven that they mutilated their captive negroes, cutting off hands, ears, and doing most horrible deeds of cruelty to the poor, defenceless, and ignorant natives, is equally open to condemnation.

The history of England in India and in Central Africa is but a counter-

part of Roman history, and you can put one name in the place of the other, and do no injustice to either.

Lately I was reading a letter from a prominent Englishman in which he stated that no member of the English Government dared to explain or defend, in Parliament, the conduct of the British soldiers in the recent war in the Soudan. They gave no quarter, took no prisoners, but tortured and killed men, women, and children alike.

Enough for the present of our new allies, the English.

An English poet has well written :

“Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey
The rich man’s joys increase, the poor’s decay,
’T is yours to judge, how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.”

SEVENTH LETTER

AMID all the poverty and wretchedness of these European nations, you are bewildered and lost at the wealth of the churches. Altars, and statues of the various saints, are strewn with jewels, beset with diamonds, and covered with jewelry cast there by repentant and distracted mortals. Behind the altars is woodwork, inlaid with gold and silver, while the doorways of these same churches are crowded with sad-visaged, miserable beggars, men, women and children. I could not help thinking,

why not use some of this immense idle wealth to feed the hungry, and clothe the naked?

Churches and religious institutions are endowed with lands, and vast property possessions, some of it won by wars and confiscations in remote ages. It is said that the Greek Church, the National Church of Russia, is so rich that it alone could pay the debt of Russia, amounting to the fabulous sum of over \$4,000,000,000. The tomb of Mahomet is covered with jewels worth, it is estimated, \$10,000,000.

The Archbishop of Canterbury is in receipt of a salary of \$60,000 a year. The Archbishop of Austria has a salary of \$150,000, and the Pope

an income variously estimated from \$1,000,000 to \$2,000,000 a year. Bishops and Cardinals live in a style and splendor that make a New Englander look aghast, and a Vanderbilt almost envious. They do all this in the service of the meek and lowly Saviour, who himself penniless, having not where to lay his head, sent forth his apostles with this momentous charge: "Go your ways: behold I send you forth as lambs among wolves. Carry neither purse, nor scrip, nor shoes."

Canon Farrar, perhaps the most brilliant orator, and the most learned preacher in the Episcopal Church of England to-day, says:

"Nowhere can you find, among

professing Christians, a more narrow-minded, bigoted, and resentful set of men than among the Clergy of the Established Church of England," and he calls some church papers "a reptilian press." The persecution of Dean Stanley, and Bishop Colenso bears testimony to the truth of his words.

The mass of the Protestant and Catholic Clergy of the United States are so far superior to the Protestant and Catholic Clergy of Europe, in learning, in worthiness, and in all the Christian graces, that no traveler can fail to recognize the value of the free institutions of America, even in religious matters.

Thank God for America, the only nation on which the circling sun shines,

where the Church and the State are separate !

Jefferson wrote from Paris in 1786, when his act for the freedom of religion, as passed in Virginia, was being printed and spread broadcast throughout Europe :

“I think our act for Freedom of Religion will produce considerable good, even in these countries, where ignorance, superstition, poverty, and oppression of body and mind in every form, are so firmly settled on the mass of the people, that their redemption from them can never be hoped.”

There are to-day existing over one thousand distinct religious creeds, and I fear, as a most profound American jurist has lately well said,

“We are no nearer a universal religion than were our ancestors two thousand or five thousand years ago.”

Five rulers in Europe wrench from the tax-payers, and spend in riotous living, enough annually to pay for all the public schools, all the poor-houses, all the insane, and the deaf and dumb asylums, in New England, with its five million inhabitants. These five persons claim the right to do this under the sham pretence of the divine right of kings to rule and rob the people. Our forefathers exploded this humbug over a hundred years ago, but it still holds its iron heel on the down-trodden masses of Europe, except in one or two small countries.

I think there is nothing finer in the

English language than the words of that most gifted son of the South, Henry W. Grady :

“I love this Union because I am an American citizen. I love it because it stands in the light while other nations are groping in the dark. I love it because here, in this republic of a homogeneous people, must be worked out the great problems that perplex the world and established the axioms that must uplift and regenerate humanity. I love it because I know that its flag, followed by a devoted people once estranged and thereby closer bound, shall blaze out the way and make clear the path up which all the nations of the earth shall come in God's appointed time.”

EIGHTH LETTER

ON my way home, I am looking back and thinking what are the most marked characteristics of the land I have left behind me in comparison with the land to which I am bound. I put first its military organization, which compels every man to serve at least two years in the army, leaving home, friends, and occupation, for a two years' service in what to me, and to most men, seems to be only a prison life. A reputable German told me only recently that unless you had supplies of food

furnished you from outside, but few constitutions could endure the two years without injury. It is not surprising, then, that Germans emigrate, and abandon home and friends, to avoid this horrid conscription.

It is notorious that the German officers treat the privates as little better than animals, and often not as well. Not long since a man in the German cavalry applied to his officer for another horse, saying he was unable to control the animal. The officer told him he "must control it," and refused the man's appeal. In two days the horse ran away and the man was killed. Another man was assigned to ride the same horse, and in three months more the horse again ran

away and killed him. The horse was still retained, for it is a saying in the German army that a horse costs money, but a man represents only a piece of paper, meaning a conscription.

A man who had served two years in the German cavalry told me that he had often seen men returning from cavalry practice with blood streaming from their boot-legs, so badly were they chafed by the hard riding exercises through which they were put, and when they complained to their officers they only got the cold answer that they must continue every day the same practice until they became hardened to the saddle, and a wooden saddle at that. Several doctors have recently been arrested

in Germany for administering pills to conscripts which induced cardiac symptoms, thus escaping military service. It seems that one young man died from an over-dose, and this led to the discovery that some doctors had carried on a lucrative practice in this line for a long time past.

I have not time to enumerate the awful military expenses that are eating out the vitals of Europe, and slowly but surely digging its financial grave, taking from honest industry the fruits of its toil, and grinding into abject poverty the toiling masses of Europe. In the six years ending in 1888 no less a sum than \$5,800,000,000 was spent in France, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Great Britain,

Russia, Spain, and Italy for military and naval purposes alone. In the last twenty-five years France has spent \$5,000,000,000 to reconstruct its army.

Every country in Europe is bridled and saddled by a horrid conscripted army, except England, and many of her leading statesmen are advocating to-day a conscripted army for England as an absolute necessity, if she is to maintain her place among the powers of the world. The war with the little Boer Republic in Central Africa is teaching England the positive necessity of her maintaining a vast standing army, in case of difficulty nearer at home and to protect her widely scattered possessions. She

has sent almost her last soldier to Africa, about 80,000, an army which in an European conflict would be absolutely ridiculous.

Of course, we must finally come to the same evil in the United States, if we are to delve in the politics of Europe and Asia, and carry out the Imperial policy of some of our jingo statesmen. I can only echo, and re-echo, the words of the brightest ornament of the American Episcopal Church, Bishop Potter: "It is an unanswerable indictment of the enormous folly and essential madness of the international race for increased armaments—ships, and forts, and men, piled up in ever-greatening proportions, until at last the utmost limit

of a nation's resources in men and money has been reached ; the last man has been dragged from his family ; the last shekel has been borrowed from reluctant creditors, and the empire of the republic makes its wild plunge at length into irredeemable bankruptcy."

Another marked characteristic of the countries which I am leaving behind me in comparison to the United States, to which I am returning, is the religious intolerance of the one, and the religious toleration of the other. In Spain, by the constitution of 1876, a restricted liberty of worship is allowed to Protestants, but it has to be entirely in private, all public announcement of the same being strictly forbidden. The Clergy in

most European countries is maintained by the State. Much the same intoleration, strange as it may seem at the close of the nineteenth, and so near the dawn of the twentieth century, prevails in many of the countries of Europe; marked as the nineteenth century has been by such marvellous progress in art, in science, in knowledge, and in all that ministers to the comfort of the human race.

At the last general election in England, Gladstone led the Liberal forces in that memorable contest, in which he used this grand appeal. Nothing finer has been uttered by man since the memorable sermon of Paul on Mars Hill. With the burden

of eighty-three years on his shoulders, with a hostile House of Lords, a hostile aristocracy, hostile universities, and a hostile Queen, he stood up before ten thousand of his constituents in Edinburgh, and threw down this bold challenge, saying :

“I am not going to discuss details with you. I represent the youth and hope of England, and her advancement along ideal paths. The solution of these questions of the future belongs by right to us, who are of the future, and not to you, who are of the past.”

And this great Liberal party, under the leadership of this master-genius of the age, went down in overwhelming defeat in 1895, because of

the union of the Clergy and the rum-seller, and not on account of the Irish question. The Clergy, because the Liberal party proposed to disestablish the Church, or in other words, to put an end to the public tithes whereby all denominations are obliged to help support the Episcopal Church, and to put every church upon the same equality. The rumsellers joined with the Episcopal Clergymen to down the greatest statesman this century has produced, because it was one of the planks of the Liberal party that every community should have the right of local option, so popular in America, and this accounts for the immense Tory majority in Parliament to-day, and this same Tory

party pretends now to be so friendly to America and to American interests. Heaven save us from such friends !

NINTH LETTER

TRAVELING has its pleasures and its discomforts. I often think its greatest pleasures come afterwards, when you are back in your old home, or following your old vocations. At the immediate time you are annoyed by the trials and tiresomeness of the trip, but afterwards these all vanish, and you think of only the pleasant things. I well remember returning on a bleak day in December from my first trip to Europe, and as I stood on the deck of the steamer, coming up New York

harbor, I remarked to a fellow-passenger that I had had enough of ocean traveling and would never cross again. He laughed and said, "That is like what all people say who have one child, but they soon forget, and others follow; so it will be with you." And so it was.

People should travel, if possible, before they have passed middle life. It is a great mistake to put off traveling until you are old and sick, and can do nothing else. You need to be well and strong and at your best to endure the hardships and to enter with zeal into the pleasures of traveling. And then again, the memories are with you to comfort you, and to broaden your ideas for all your subsequent life.

Different people find different things to enjoy in visiting a new and strange country. Some gaze with wonder and go into ecstasy over an old castle or cathedral ; some rave over the art galleries ; some prowl around in old and obscure quarters full of filth and dirt, with their pants or petticoats knee high, and wonder you have not been there ; some climb mountains or grope in caves and mines full of hair-breadth escapes ; some seek out all the places where vice and wretchedness abide, and chew it all their life long after as a sweet morsel.

I met a gentleman, a leading citizen of Cincinnati, who was on his way home from Japan, and he told

me he was ashamed to be known as an American in Yokohama. The hotel was full of American men and women. Women of the highest respectability at home would organize little parties by themselves, and take a guide and go where even men blush to be seen, the sights are so low and disgusting. It is strange how the animal sticks out as soon as we go away from the restraints of home, and Church, and society.

For my part the greatest pleasure I have experienced in all my wanderings through foreign lands is to have heard Gladstone in the British Parliament, Gambetta in the French Chamber of Deputies, and Crispi in the Italian Parliament at Rome ; in

having heard Spurgeon and Dean Farrar in their pulpits; in having been present at the wedding of the present Queen of Spain, and witnessed the accompanying pageant, as no Court in Europe can boast of such gorgeous equipages; in having trod the Appian Way, over which the thundering armies of Rome for so many centuries marched to and fro with the spoils of captive nations; in having stood within the Colosseum's walls, which even in their ruins attest the mightiness of an Empire that once ruled the world, and is to-day no more; in having wandered along the sad, deserted streets of Pompeii, which but as yesterday in the cycle of the ages were instinct with life,

and attesting in their deserted loneliness too truly the destiny that awaits all men and all nations alike.

Unless all history is a lie, a few centuries hence, men will wander among the ruins of the Capitol at Washington, and compare its insignificant ruins with the marvellous ruins of Balboa, Luxor, and Athens, at which the civilization of the nineteenth century looks aghast, unable to understand how finite man ever constructed such magnificent works. A traveler, who had visited Balboa some twelve times, told me there were stones used in the temples which no living man knows how it was possible to quarry, remove, or elevate to their present positions,

and as for the cement, and the colors in the buildings, modern architects can neither equal nor comprehend.

And then, finally, as the sum of all my pleasures, I must count a trip up the steep acclivities of Mount Vesuvius, carried by four Italians, plunging knee deep most of the way in the loose ashes, until finally I stood on the very brink of the crater, and looked down into that seething cauldron that has been crackling and smoking certainly from the commencement of recorded time, and probably for ages before. As you gaze, the mysteries that envelop the world deepen and darken around you, and the puniness of man and the mightiness of nature appall you.

Walking along the streets of a New England city, you cannot realize that there was a time when there was no New England, or that there will ever be a time when New England will be no more. But traveling makes a man humble, realizing how small a part he, or his town, or his city, or his State, or his nation, is playing in the grand scheme of the universe which knows no beginning, and no ending.

Astronomers tell us that the sun is the centre of a vast system of worlds, and beyond this system, at a distance which defies all power of calculation, are the fixed stars, each of which stars is supposed to be the centre of another system of worlds. The body

upon which we live has been described as "less in proportion than the smallest grain of sand to the world, or the finest particle of dew to the whole ocean." How small, how insignificant, then, the part which man plays in the grand march of the universe!

TENTH LETTER

AFTER an absence of three or four months in the United States, I am once more back in France, February, 1899, pleasantly located in Le Vesinet, a beautiful suburb of Paris, twelve miles out.

I read in the Paris New York *Herald* to-day of the terrible blizzard you are having in the United States, and can hardly realize that it is true, as the paper states, for I am writing to you by an open window, and pansies, violets, and daisies are in full bloom beneath.

The fields are all as green as in June with us, and farmers are everywhere busy cultivating their lands. Not in four years have they had ice enough to make skating.

This is a country where nothing seems to be lost or thrown away. To illustrate in a single instance the economy of the people, your telegram comes to you on a small sheet of paper, so folded as to make an envelope, and thereby saving the expense of one, in much the same manner as our ancestors folded their letters a hundred years ago. There is a great market in Paris where second-hand food, gathered from hotels and restaurants, and second-hand clothing, is sold. They eat the crops,

gills, and even the combs of fowls; the feet and legs of a duck make a fine soup; lights of animals, snails—all are made to minister to man's sustenance. In fact, you soon learn that "ignorance is bliss," and that it is better, half the time, not to know what you are eating.

But if you once get a good view of a French or German kitchen, you will marvel at its cleanliness and attractiveness. Long lines of copper kettles, so bright you can see your face in them, all hung in their proper places, and everything about the kitchen is so tidy you only wish you could transplant it to New England as a model for New England housekeepers. A person would be

prepared, and almost persuaded, to eat anything that came out of these kitchens—rooster combs, horse meat, or anything else they might set before you. But absolute cleanliness is a necessity, for if these copper kettles are not properly cleansed severe illness may be caused.

As wood and coal are very dear, they tie up the little branches of trees in small bunches and call them fagots. Every one buys them to start the fire, or perhaps it may be all the fire they ever have. Men and women go bareheaded here the year round. They only follow, in this, the custom of the ancient Romans, as Julius Cæsar and the Saviour of mankind are said never to have owned or worn

a hat of any kind. I asked one man why he never wore a hat, and he replied : " It makes my head ache." A very good reason, I thought, for going without one.

The working men all look so comical in the fields, and in the streets, with their long blue shirts, which they wear outside of their clothes instead of next to their skin as we do in America. Big boys, nine, ten, and twelve years old, all wear a long black apron at school, or at play. What a hullabaloo it would make if the boys in America were obliged to do the same !

No woman will work in your kitchen unless you furnish her with a bottle of wine a day, and she must

also have five per cent. commission on everything that is bought for the table. Men pay four or five dollars, in our money, a day for the privilege of working in the leading restaurants, and furnish all the matches, newspapers, sand for the floor, and keep the place clean. They get their pay out of the tips from customers.

The cab system of Paris is a marvellous thing by itself. There are about 15,000 cabs, which would reach, one after the other in a continuous line, over a distance of thirty-five miles, nearly from Hartford to New Haven. These are rented to the drivers, who must pay daily, in advance, some four and some five dollars, in our money, according to

the quality of the team. If the driver makes more it is his : if he makes less he must lose the difference.

Not a horse in all France has calks on its shoes, and to see them drawing the heaviest of loads up the steepest and most slippery of roads seems not only astounding, but, from an American standpoint, cruel.

If a cabman runs over you, and thereby damages his horse or carriage you must pay for the damage. You cross the street or walk in the traveled road at your own peril. You have no business there, no more than the cabman has on the sidewalk. Such is the law in Europe.

ELEVENTH LETTER

WE have just witnessed in France a series of events to be seen nowhere else, and without a parallel in modern history: the death of the President of the French Republic, the peaceable and inexpensive election of a successor within three days, and his quiet, unostentatious entrance into office. He arrived at the Elysée Palace (the White House of France) late one afternoon, accompanied only by his son and a few officers; he proceeded at once to his private office, and commenced the routine of his

official duties. How different from all the flum-drum of a Presidential election in the United States, demoralizing alike to business and public morals, and generally turning on the size of the bank account of the respective National Committees!

One other great event attracts the attention of the whole civilized world: the sickness of the Pope, not merely the head of the greatest religious organization in existence, but the greatest politician in Europe. Around the sick-chamber gather the discordant elements, ready to burst into bitter feuds, which his master hand has so long averted, between the progressive and reactionary elements, in other words, between the Catholics

of England and America, and Continental Catholicism. Progressive, or American Catholicism stands for temperance, love of country, a quiet, orderly Sabbath, and a respectful consideration for the opinions and rights of all other Christian denominations, and a harmonious co-operation with them in all humanitarian work. Continental Catholicism stands for bigotry, for selfishness, for conceding nothing in courtesy to opponents, ever excluding all other denominations from enjoying the same civil rights and privileges as themselves, and consists mostly in reviling their opponents as being infected with Ingersollism, with indifference to many religious forms and ceremonies prac-

tised, and to many recluse orders—cloistered friars and barefoot monks, leading lives of useless isolation, and whom Erasmus called “the scourge of the Church and the curse of Europe.”

Much will depend upon the character and views of the next two or three Popes, for I find that intelligent Catholics of America have more in common with their dissenting brothers and neighbors than they have with this Italian and Spanish Catholicism, so bigoted and foolish as not to see the trend of events, and who prefer to spend their time intermeddling with the Catholic hierarchy of America, instead of trying to elevate their own people to the high moral and

intellectual standard of American Catholics.

There is no nation more fond of their own country than the French. The German has no patriotism ; he emigrates at the first opportunity, and is never so happy as when he returns to Germany, flaunting his naturalization papers in every one's face. The Frenchman's love of his country militates against the prosperity of France to a certain extent, for while he remains at home, waiting for the merchants of the world to come to Paris, the restless German, having no particular attachment to his "Fatherland," is to be found in every quarter of the inhabited globe, peddling his wares. Germany certainly is making

rapid progress in commercial affairs, and giving England a close quarter.

While alluding to the death of Faure, and the illness of the Pope, I am led to write of European funeral customs. It is considered far more respectful for both men and women to walk at a public funeral, if they are able to do so, rather than ride. The new President of the French Republic, Loubet, sixty-two years of age, Senators and Representatives, and a vast army of distinguished men walked at Faure's funeral over a distance of five miles, the funeral commencing at 10 A.M., and ending at 5 P.M. The immediate male relatives walked the entire distance bareheaded. Six large, two-horse vans,

loaded with beautiful wreaths, sent from all over Europe, preceded the hearse that contained the mortal remains of him who was once a poor tanner boy, and died President of the French Republic.

But the most pathetic and touching part of all that magnificent funeral pageant (and the French are always doing some such thing) was two little girls, dressed respectively in the costumes of Alsace and Lorraine—the “lost provinces.” Each child was led by the hand of an older girl, likewise in the dress of the provinces of which Germany ruthlessly robbed France in 1870. These girls carried black flags, one inscribed in letters of gold with the name of Strasbourg, the

other with that of Metz. The crowd cheered, and cheered, and cheered.

Whenever a funeral procession passes along the street, every man, young and old, prince and beggar, uncovers his head while it is passing. In every cemetery the grave-stones are literally covered with wreaths, varying in size from one to three or four feet in diameter, and made of glass beads of different colors, many of them of exquisite designs ; these are allowed to remain in the cemeteries for many years. Pictures of the deceased members of the family are also attached to the tombs. These things give to their cemeteries a much more cheerful and attractive appearance than have some of those

cold and heartless New England grave-yards, the very looks of which freeze the marrow in one's bones.

Now, in closing, let me touch on another custom, perhaps more pleasing and interesting.

There are no girls on the Continent: they are either children or married women. The parents make all the matches and marriage arrangements, and no young unmarried lady is allowed to meet a gentleman except in the presence of her parents, governess, or maid. Every girl is expected to bring an allowance—a "dot"—to her husband, the amount being determined by her surroundings. Usually the younger girls in the poorer families work and save money to make up

the dot of the oldest sister. Many young women, seeing no prospect of their parents, being able to raise for them a dot, and therefore no chance of marriage, join the Holy orders. This is one reason, I am told, why there are so many more nuns in Europe than in America. In many Continental countries, the priests, monks, and nuns receive an annual allowance from the State, varying in amount, for their support.

Weddings are celebrated in Europe about the middle of the day ; the friends ride to some church, the bride and bridegroom riding in a carriage nearly all glass, and people cheer them on their way. At all weddings of any importance, and, by the way,

there are no house weddings in Europe, a collection for the poor is taken up in the church. After the marriage ceremony, they all return to the house of the bride's parents, partake of a lunch, and then generally go out into the woods, or to some fine retired restaurant, and dance and spend the rest of the day in happy reunion and celebration. At night they all return to the home already prepared, and bidding the newly married couple a long life and much happiness, they depart to their respective homes. People here say it destroys all the romance, and borders on barbarism, to send a newly married couple on a long and tiresome wedding journey, when of all

other times they need the privacy and rest of their own home.

Americans know some things, but they don't know everything,—at least how to get the most comfort out of life.

TWELFTH LETTER

AS the time draws nearer, the public interest in the Exposition of 1900 increases. The money is all raised, to wit: \$20,000,000. The French Government contributes \$4,000,000, the city of Paris \$4,000,000; and there are \$12,000,000 worth of bonds sold for twenty francs, each bond entitling the holder to twenty admissions to the Exposition; and the holders, moreover, participate in a lottery, the prizes ranging from \$20 up to \$100,000, and also in a reduction of twenty-five per cent. for

admission to all places of amusement within the boundaries of the Fair, and in a reduction on railroad fares throughout France during the Exposition. Any profits resulting from the Exposition, over and above the daily expenses, will be divided between the city of Paris and France. These bonds, as you will see, are an ingenious financial device, as well as a source of speculation and excitement to the people of France.

Landlords are already engaging their rooms, and prices for rooms, or apartments, will be, during the Fair, double the usual price. Parisians expect to rent their apartments at fabulous prices, and go into the country themselves. Americans, coming to

the Exposition, would do well to stop at a boarding-house, or pension, as they are called in Europe, in one of the beautiful suburbs of Paris. You will be sure of a good room, good board, and good bed, for one-half what you will pay in Paris, and also escape all the noise and imposition of a crowded city.

Many things will seem strange to an American who comes to visit what will undoubtedly be the most wonderful display of human invention and genius the world has ever seen. He will look with amazement at the old-time elevators in the hotels, run by water, and which go creeping up and down like a truant boy to his flogging. Then he will be disgusted

with the candles in his room, in this age of gas and electricity ; with the bare, waxed floors, which it takes a dancing master to get over gracefully ; with being compelled to furnish his own soap ; and, when he eats at a café, to be charged for the use of the knives, table-cloth, and napkins. He will not find a rocking-chair in any home on the Continent, and rarely a carpet, nor will he find a man sitting with his feet higher than his head, or chewing tobacco or smoking a cigar on the street, but a cigarette, if anything. He will find no bar where he can "guzzle," but will be invited, if he wants to drink, to sit down and drink quietly at a table, either inside or outside of the café. The proprietor

of the café pays the city for the privilege of putting a row of chairs in front, on the sidewalk. He will not see a gentleman lighting his cigar or cigarette from one in use by another person. Even the request to do so would be regarded as an act of great impropriety. He will not see a bell on any railroad engine in all Europe, and he will ride in cars, in most of which a man cannot stand erect and keep on his silk hat. He will miss soda fountains, peanut stands, ice-cream saloons, chewing-gum, sweet corn, pies, and dried beef; these things are all unknown in Europe.

He will see cows and goats driven through the streets, stopping at the

different houses, and being milked as customers order. He will see, all over Europe, women kneeling on stones or boards, on the margins of rivers or streams, washing clothes, doing just the same as woman has been doing on this Eastern Hemisphere ever since she left the Garden of Eden, and put on clothing. Well-water is all so hard, they must go to the brook, as the brook will not come to them.

He will see wood, eggs, and nearly all farm produce sold by weight. He will see people picking up orange peel, stumps of cigars, and ends of cigarettes from the gutters and sidewalks, to be used in various money-making ways. Nothing is wasted

here. The city of Paris has recently contracted for the removal of its sweepings, for which it is to receive the sum of \$400,000 in cash, besides having the garbage removed free outside of the city limits. The 20,000 rag-pickers are up in arms, and are holding mass meetings to protest against this interference with their ancient and time-honored rights, and thus depriving them also of what they call an honest livelihood.

It is now proposed to light the city of London by burning the garbage, and thus generating steam sufficient to run the necessary dynamos to light the entire city free.

A sign for a barber shop on the Continent is not a painted pole, but a

little brass basin hung in front of the shop by a wire passed through the rim of the basin. On the door of nearly every important barber shop you will see painted in large letters "Lavatory," which means they have porcelain basins set in the side of the room, at which one can wash his face after being shaved, as that is considered much more cleanly than to have the barber wash it with a sponge or towel.

The cities erect little buildings, called kiosques, at street corners, and receive for them a large rental from flower and newspaper venders.

I advise all Americans, before starting for Europe, to go to some good country well, and there drink deep

and long, for they will not get another such drink until they return home. Well-water is rarely used in the greater part of Europe; people drink either river-water, sometimes filtered, in such places as Paris, or more usually drink bottled water. Bottling water is an immense business, controlled mostly by the Government, the prices regulated by law, and no table is complete without a bottle of one of these many spring-waters, on sale in nearly every city and village on the Continent. In some places they drink rain-water.

An old-time sea captain, my grandfather, told me once, that he always collected the rain-water from the decks of his ship, and that it would

purify itself in three months, and was then the best water in the world to drink. The well-water in Europe is so hard, or would be if there were wells, that no one dares drink it, as it is sure to produce stomach or kidney troubles.

The Government makes several million dollars each year from the sale of these spring-waters. It collects a tax of \$800,000 annually on advertisements posted in public places, on the ground that they are forced upon the people, whether they like to see them or not. It seems strange to see an Internal Revenue stamp affixed to every public poster. The State is the greatest monopolist in Europe, oftentimes combining the

business of insurance agent, match-maker, tobacco merchant, bill-poster, railroading, express agent, telegraph operator, porcelain manufacturer, pawnbroker, etc. Every man who comes to France must be careful, for there is a fine of twenty cents per match, if you bring along your own matches. The amount of money the Government makes on business which it monopolizes, like matches, tobacco, drinking-water, pawn-shops, etc., is fabulous, but I have not time to-day to go into the figures. The matches are very poor, and one Englishman described them as "spluttering, and smell two minutes, and have a nasty habit of going out on the approach of a candle." You must burn these matches,

or nothing ; you cannot import any matches, for an ordinary box of matches, like Bryant & May's, would not only be confiscated, but you would also be condemned to pay a fine of \$100 if you were detected in trying to bring one box into this country.

It is hard to say which is the better system, the State monopolies of Europe, or the trusts and syndicates (oil, matches, tobacco, thread, etc.) of America, which are closing many shops with relentless rigor, under the guise of economy ; strangling in a boa-constrictor grip many a pretty factory village ; and bringing sadness and want to many an honest laboring man's home, even in our own beloved

New England. It is true in Europe, it is also, alas, too true in America to-day, that "millions are made on the turn of a trade, and the toppling mass grows and grows, while in its shadow starvation and despair stalk among the people, and swarm with increasing legions against the citadels of human life."

THIRTEENTH LETTER

IT is wonderful to notice the amount of business carried on in Europe exclusively by women. They conduct bakers', butchers', and grocers' shops, coal and wood yards, and, in fact, you can hardly mention any kind of business in which they are not engaged. It is safe to say that one half the stores on the Continent are kept by women. The Bon Marché, perhaps the largest retail store in the world, employing in its various departments and factories over four thousand hands, was owned and

controlled in a masterly manner for twenty-five years by a woman. On her demise, a few months ago, the business was taken up by a joint stock company, and it is generally thought not to be at present so well managed.

One time when I was at a celebrated hostelry in Milan, Italy, a little, old, drawn-over woman came into the office, and climbed up into a chair, to see how many rooms were occupied, as the numbers of the rooms and the occupants' names were posted on a blackboard. I asked who she was, and was told that she was the proprietress; that she had accumulated a vast fortune in the hotel business, and while her children revelled in

luxury, both at home and abroad, she stayed and attended to the business.

A census taken six years before Queen Victoria came to the throne, showed no woman in the whole British Empire engaged in any service other than that of domestic; while the last census showed 61,000 dress-makers; 70,000 employed in public houses; 4500 in printing establishments; 4121 in mines; and 30,000 in the post-offices. In the tobacco industry there are 121 women to 100 men; in the hemp and jute, 195 women to 100 men, and a somewhat similar proportion is maintained in a vast majority of the industrial pursuits. There are, in the three king-

doms, over 130,000 female teachers—three times the number of male teachers.

Many an English statesman owes his election to the efforts of his wife on the hustings, bringing the voters to the polls in their luxurious carriages, and bewitching them by their wit and their beauty. It was the Duchess of Gordon who went from hamlet to hamlet in Scotland, and recruited that world-famous regiment, to-day the pride and glory of the British army—the Gordon Highlanders.

The figures which I have given relative to England will apply, in a greater or less degree, to nearly every country in Europe. On the Continent you will see women carrying

hods, unloading coal, and doing the hardest kinds of work. It is calculated they are doing one half of the farm work, for they are to be seen everywhere working in the fields, and oftentimes there is not a man to be seen. To-day there are 60,000 soldiers stationed at Vienna and looking on, while thousands of women are toiling at mixing mortar, carrying hods, and laying stones for a great palace now being built for the Imperial family. These women are paid forty cents a day.

There are several reasons for these conditions. Three million men, with guns in their hands, are withdrawn from industrial pursuits, and the support of the families devolves upon

the women. Besides, women are more industrious, more temperate, and more tractable than men, and it looks as if, in time, the European man will relegate himself to the position of the North American Indian—play golf, race horses, hunt, fish, indulge in pow-wows and war, leaving the care and support of the family, and the conducting of every-day affairs, to the women.

Let any man stop and think what progress woman has made in fifty years, and that to-day the rising generation of females far outstrip in talent, in industry, in sobriety, and in ambition their male competitors, and no man can measure or foretell what

woman may not accomplish in the next one hundred years.

The same wonderful change is going on in our own country, only it goes on so slowly and so smoothly, we hardly realize the truth. It would be astounding, and almost beyond belief, if we were to see at one glance what progress women have made in the United States in fifty years, in the commercial, industrial, and educational world. I marvelled when I learned from my friend, Mr. C. P. Clark, the President, while crossing the Atlantic last summer, that the list of stockholders of the Consolidated Railroad embraces the names of several thousand women.

Since this century opened, Europe

has lost by the ravages of war (and nearly every war was either childish or nonsensical), in killed or disabled, over 15,000,000 men. The eighteen astronomers who are engaged in all quarters of the globe in photographing and making maps of the stars, and who expect to complete their task in 1924, and to exhibit to the admiring gaze of their fellow-men a map of 20,000,000 stars, have an easy task beside the man, or men, who will catalogue the men who have been killed by war, rum, or tobacco, during this century.

While the men have been playing the "fool act" of killing each other in battle, or themselves by drink, or squandering their time in politics, or

games, or watching the market, women have been driven by the force of circumstances to fill up the gaps and supply the means of subsistence for themselves and families. All glory to the woman !

To-day she carries on her shoulders, and in her heart, nearly all there is left of the Christian religion in Europe, bequeathed by the Master ; and without her countenance and support, owls and bats would be about the only frequenters of the magnificent cathedrals which gem the landscape of Europe, or "the thousand temples of the Most High that nestle in its happy valleys and crown its swelling hills." Popes, Bishops, Priests, and Clergymen, the vast ma-

jority of them, would be without listeners or sympathizers, and their services would be time and labor lost, without women.

Do not for a moment think that woman occupies only a menial, a mercenary, or a religious position in Europe; for it is a woman's head and a woman's heart which to-day largely guides the destinies of the mightiest nation on earth, whether for weal or for woe. It is a proverb in English politics that English politicians may bluster and threaten, but England will have no serious European war so long as Victoria lives, as she will not give her signature, and without it there can be no war. There may be a few skirmishes in

India or Africa, to whet the appetite of her soldiers.

The happiest people, and the most honest government in all Europe, and perhaps on either Hemisphere, submits to the mild and intelligent rule of Holland's proud young Queen, Wilhelmina.

And there is still another Queen, who has borne her part with saintly majesty in all the trials through which her country has recently been called to pass, and who challenges the admiration of friend and foe alike. She has kept her country together by her wise counsel, her patient devotion to the public weal, and by her sublime womanly virtues,—Maria Christina, Queen Regent of Spain.

Her name will illumine the pages of history, long after the human race has gladly forgotten the names of those men who trailed the American flag in the dust, with their "embalmed-beef scandals," and by the peevish jealousies of the great Republic's naval commanders.

It is interesting to note that the British Consul at Barcelona lately reports as follows :

"Even the war did not very seriously affect the trade of Barcelona. Not a single failure in that busy manufacturing centre was reported. These facts seem to indicate that, after all, the loss to Spain of her colonies will not involve ruin, but may, by relieving her of an intolerable

ble military and naval burden, actually pave the way to a period of comparative prosperity among the working classes of Spain."

FOURTEENTH LETTER

ONE great problem to-day absorbs the attention of all thinking people in Europe. Editors, authors, statesmen, philosophers, philanthropists, and clergymen are discussing it, and this one great question concerns civilized man everywhere. It is that of disarmament.

I attended, recently, a banquet in Paris, and heard W. T. Stead, editor of *The Review of Reviews*, state that in his recent interview with the Czar he declared as follows: "I do not wish my worst enemy the troubles that oppress me."

Well might he have added :

“ A crown,
Golden in show, is but a wreath of thorns,
Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and sleepless
 nights
To him who wears the regal diadem.”

This young ruler, pressed by destiny into a position of authority and responsibility which he cannot shirk, confronted by questions that puzzle and distract the wisest statesmen, is vainly trying to stem the tide of armament which must end either in the bankruptcy of his and other nations, or in the annihilation, by modern satanic military enginery, of a whole people. War is hell, but the next war in Europe will be a triple hell.

A prominent Warsaw banker has written an exhaustive work of six volumes, it is said with the approval of the Czar, declaring there can be no future war ; that with modern repeating weapons, 115 per cent. more effective than those used in the Franco-Prussian war, and with smokeless powder, no army can ever again confront another army ; that one or the other, perhaps both, will be mowed to the earth long before they are within shouting distance. It is not open, manly warfare, but total annihilation that hangs over the next European conflict.

The trouble all dates from the Franco-Prussian war. In 1868 Russia, France, Austria, Italy, and Germany

spent annually on their armies \$450,000,000 ; to-day they spend \$875,000,000. These five powers had, in 1868, 4,500,000 men on a war footing ; to-day they have 17,500,000 men.

The debt of France has risen since 1870 from \$2,000,000,000 to \$6,300,000,000 ; of Russia from \$1,500,000,000 to \$4,500,000,000 ; and Germany has added \$3,000,000,000 in the same time to her debt.

Another war between France and Germany would be Titanic, and, to use an expression common here, one or the other would be bled "as white as veal." There would be 7,000,000 men in the field, fully armed and equipped, and the fairest portions of Europe (no land on which the wheeling sun

shines is more highly cultivated, or more beautiful to the eye) would be a veritable hell after it had been swept by the carnage and devastation of grim-visaged war. The atmosphere would be befouled by the decaying bodies of a million slaughtered soldiers and the very heavens lighted by the fires of its sacked and burning cities.

A contest between thirty modern battle-ships would, it is estimated, cost \$5,000,000 an hour. A careful writer has calculated that "a naval war between England, France, and Russia would cost two or three times as much as the purchase of all the land in England—as much as the revenue of England for a whole century."

Only last week Mr. Goschen, in the British Parliament, while laying before them the new proposals of the Government for increased expenditures in the navy and army, admitted that "England has doubled her warlike expenditures in fifteen years, and the financial outlook is most serious ; but, if it is serious in this country of great wealth, what must the burdened people of Russia, France, and Germany be thinking in face of their own increase?"

But oh, how difficult, how beyond all human calculation or ability, to stem the tide of these martial extravagances and follies ! So many things tend to promote and keep alive the fear, the dread of being whipped, or

overrun, or outgeneralled, by their neighbors. The map of Europe needs rearranging. Every country has some portion which it holds only by force, and almost every nation covets some portion of its neighbor's land. Then there is the fear of socialism, so strong and so popular among the laboring masses, and nowhere so strong as in Germany, polling over a million and a quarter votes at the last election. Then there is the labor question. The labor market is already glutted, and thousands must either emigrate or starve, and how much worse will be the condition of affairs, if a million soldiers are thrown into competition with those who are now barely able to find

employment, or earn a living. One million men come of age every year in Russia alone.

Then there is that foolish, nonsensical sentiment, which one finds implanted in the human heart, from the Kaffir negro—described by Sir Harry Johnson in his recent exhaustive work, *British Central Africa*, as wearing “only a string around his waist with a piece of money attached, to show that if he has no clothes it is not because he has not the money”—up to the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Primate of the Established Church of England. Through all classes and ranks, unclad savages and European savants, paupers and millionaires, fools and scholars, runs that myste-

rious, that inexplicable craze, infatuation, worship of the man on horseback, and it is this predominant element in human character which governs and controls largely the action of man, and the masses, throughout this inhabited orb. Wars are popular with savage and civilized nations alike, and have been ever since Adam walked out of the Garden of Eden, a crest-fallen, but a wiser man.

Again, the problem of disarmament is complicated by other and most serious questions. Europe is in the hands of a military hierarchy. Eight tenths of all the military and naval officers belong to the aristocratic, non-productive, idle classes, who guard their privileges with demon-like

ferocity. No one knows the condition of society in Europe who has not mingled in it for some time. Scholars, orators, philanthropists, millionaires, have no social standing beside the military element. A wealthy gentleman told me he served one year in the German army to obtain rank for himself, and for his family social recognition.

Again, there is that other element—the vultures of society—who prey upon other people's misfortunes—the money-lenders, and the men who make money on the turn of the market. A noisy, insane rabble, demoralizing to legitimate trade, who congregate at every Bourse in Europe, co-laborers with that other “gang”

which plies its nefarious trade in Wall Street, and who are ever ready to support any scheme, uphold any government, defend any extravagance, so long as it brings grist to their mill.

Some great thinkers in Europe have recently expressed themselves as believing that no good can come of the International Conference at Hague; that all these frightful expenses and preparations must go on until some one power alone dominates the politics and the nations of Europe, as Rome once dominated the world; and the question is whether it is to be England or Russia; whether the Anglo-Saxon or the Slav, in the next century or two, is to rule, as the

Goths and Vandals once ruled this same continent.

That sleeping giant, who occupies one sixth of the land on this planet, who can marshal the mightiest army the world has ever seen, whose prodigious strides in population and wealth are among the marvels of the nineteenth century, is an enigma and a puzzle which the wisest statesman cannot solve. Never, since this globe swung out into space and commenced to spin in its orbit around the sun, has one man ever held in his hands so nearly the destiny of so many people, or could wield so much power for good or for evil, as the present Czar of all the Russias. What a commentary upon human progress,

that twenty centuries after the rise and fall of the Grecian and Roman Republics, the great mass of the people of Europe are still struggling to secure those rights and privileges which were accorded to every Roman and Athenian citizen ! Will the race be any better off twenty centuries hence ? Is history only repeating itself from one cycle of time to another ?

It would be interesting to come back here in 500 years and see what has come out of all this human muddle ; what changes have taken place in the world ; what nations have disappeared ; what governments vanished ; what progress, if any, the race has made ; and to see how near Abra-

ham Lincoln came to the truth, "that government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

Shakespeare said, "Time is the nurse and breeder of all good." But Wordsworth said :

" Time flies ; it is his melancholy task
To bring, and bear away delusive hopes,
And reproduce the trouble he destroys."

Both, I think, were partly right and partly wrong.

FIFTEENTH LETTER

IT is much the same in Europe as in America, every thoughtful person is astonished upon seeing in cold figures the consumption of beverages.

England, Scotland, and Wales consumed last year beverages to the amount of \$762,400,670, or, per head of estimated population which includes, of course, men, women, children, and babies, the appalling figures of \$19.20. It would, if laid edge to edge, make a chain 2089 miles of \$20 gold pieces, or would take 1205 two-horse drays,

each drawing 2000 pounds' weight of gold, or it would cover solid the track of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, between two rails, from New Haven to Hartford with \$20 gold pieces, or it would take one man almost six years to count the amount, allowing one \$20 gold piece to a second. It is claimed that on account of the cold, raw climate of England, persons require, and can consume, more liquor than elsewhere.

It is useless to enumerate in figures the total consumption of liquors in Europe, but I simply refer to one or two items to illustrate the magnitude of the subject. The demand of the world yearly for French champagne is about 22,000,000 bottles, and, great

as this demand is, it can be met for some years by the stock on hand at Rheims; one concern alone keeps a reserve of 9,000,000 bottles. English and Americans are the best customers for French champagnes; one rarely sees it drunk here, but Americans give their nationality dead away whenever they attempt to drink it in France, for the French always drink champagne half wine and half water, and look upon Americans as semi-civilized in drinking it clear. France lost 3,000,000 acres by the Franco-Prussian war, but this was a small calamity compared with the Phylloxera. More than 4,000,000 acres of vintage, representing a value of \$1,000,000,000, were wholly or par-

tially destroyed by this insect from 1865 to 1876. So great is the consumption of wine in France that she imports 50 per cent. more wine than she exports.

The number of wine shops in France in 1830 was 281,847, but to-day they number 424,500, or one wine shop to eighty-five of the population, or one to every thirty adults. It does not seem possible that every thirty men and women support a grog shop. In some parts of France there is a wine shop for every forty-six inhabitants. It is proposed now to limit each new license to one per every 300 inhabitants, not interfering, however, with existing shops.

A French physician told me that

one cocktail made many a Frenchman drunk because he talked so much, while if he did not talk the liquor would not affect him. This fact has often been repeated to me, both in France and Italy. The vilest and most injurious drink in this country is absinthe, a decoction from worm-wood, which paralyzes the brain and rapidly ruins the constitution.

But it has fallen to the lot of Russia, occupying, as it does, one sixth of the inhabited globe, and containing one thirteenth of the entire population of the world, to solve this liquor problem, and it looks to-day as if she will be compelled to solve many another problem in European politics, and, perhaps, in the politics of the two Hemispheres.

Russia, being an absolute despotism, occupies a unique position, and can carry out social reforms which no other nation is able even to inaugurate. It would be highly interesting, if it were permitted to us, to watch for the next two hundred years the development, side by side, of one nation under a despotic, and another under a republican form of government. Russia in 1895 assumed absolute control of the liquor business of the Empire, buying from the distilleries at a uniform price, and the price charged the consumer, whether by the dealer or the State, is the same, the State taking a commission of fifteen per cent., and allowing the dealer a commission in proportion

to the quantity sold, but so trifling an amount as to offer him but the slightest inducement to push the sales. The liquor is of uniform quality everywhere.

This has resulted in reducing drunkenness, deposits in savings-banks have increased, the State's revenue has been augmented, and that great and growing evil, which threatens the life of every civilized nation on the globe, has been once, in the history of the human race, shackled to the car of reason.

Another subject, just as vital to a nation's prosperity, to wit : the maintenance of a healthy population, is foremost in the minds of many statesmen in Europe.

Since 1891 the deaths in France have exceeded the births, and there has been an annual loss in population of 20,000. France cannot, like America, replenish her population through a Castle Garden, but must depend upon her own people. A law has lately been passed forbidding the use of long rubber tubes attached to feeding bottles, because of the difficulty in keeping them sterilized; it has also been made a crime to give solid food to a child under one year of age, except on the written prescription of a physician, and a guilty person may be punished for an attempt to kill. They are determined, if possible, to preserve what babies God gives them. Premature feeding

makes what women call fat and handsome babies, but doctors say they make too often pretty corpses.

While it is true that in this blessed year of our Lord, among certain tribes in Africa, over which England claims sovereignty, the first-born, if a girl, is ruthlessly murdered, woman in Europe has a commercial value beyond all calculation. It would seem as if the ultimate success or failure of French, German, and, perhaps, American colonial schemes is not to depend upon armies or navies, not upon Deweys or Otises, but upon women. The French Government, to meet an imperative demand from her colonies (if the colonies are to thrive), has opened agencies in different parts of

France to secure women emigrants ; approved candidates will each be provided with a trousseau, free passage, and a small sum of money to enable them to live for a time after landing, and until marriages can be arranged.

Any one who is familiar with the early history of Louisiana will remember how the Colonists awaited with great excitement the arrival of ships bringing the women sent out from Paris to supply them with wives.

All history largely repeats itself, and we, as a people, are perhaps only re-enacting, on a grander scale, the history of bygone nations in our Imperial policy, and in our attempt to shoot civilization into distant tribes and reap, if possible, the bene-

fits of a reviving commerce, instead of trying to Christianize them. However, it will be worthy of boast, to those who live until January 1, 1900, that they have witnessed the close of what was, beyond all doubt, with all its errors, failures, and cruelties, the most significant and splendid century thus far in the history of mankind.

The brightest beacon that beckons us on to the future is the wonderful progress the race has made in the last century. It was Gladstone who said, "It was well to be reminded, and in tones to make the deaf man hear, of city children who soak and blacken soul and sense in city slime ; of maidens cast by thousands in the street ; of the seamstress scrimped of her

daily bread ; of dwellings miserably crowded, of fever as the result ; nevertheless slavery had been abolished, the criminal code reformed, good schools had been put within the reach of the poor, laboring people were working fewer hours for increased wages, and that upon the whole, the race had been reaping, and not scattering ; earning, and not wasting." No better epitaph has been written for the nineteenth century, now so nearly expired.

SIXTEENTH LETTER

A CENTURY and a quarter ago the famous American statesman, Thomas Jefferson, rode on horseback from Paris, over the Savoy mountains, down into Italy ; stopping at country houses to study the wants, the complaints, and the occupations of the peasants ; and trying to learn something which might be of benefit to his countrymen. That country is to-day what it has been for five hundred years—a marvel of agricultural development.

There is no incident more unique

in the life of that great man than when in Italy he purchased some "seed" rice, which he desired to send to South Carolina for cultivation, and they would not let him take it across the borders of the country; so he filled his pockets with the rice and thus eluded the Custom officials, who wished to prevent the export to America of this superior quality of rice. From this small beginning sprung the great rice industry of the South.

Every day I stop by the wayside and regard wonderingly the ways in which these people, with endless care and patience, train apple and pear trees, some growing along a wire like a vine, level with the ground; some

crooked and resembling coiled snakes standing erect, others trained to run around hoops, looking for all the world like the hoops of a barrel, while others grow up the sides of a house like rose bushes. I have also seen the sides of houses, some thirty or forty feet high, one solid bank of roses, or covered with the branches of a pear tree.

A great industry in the South of France is the making of perfumes from rose and orange blossoms, but the largest quantity is made from geraniums, using the blossoms, the leaves, and the stalks. In warm and sheltered places it is possible to cut the crop four times a year. This is an industry which should flourish well in California, as the product is so

concentrated that freight charges are small, leaving a large margin of profit to the agriculturists.

Some years ago, I was crossing a valley in the Alps, where the celebrated Gruyère cheese is made. I saw the peasants turn out their cows into pastures where the grass was so tall the cattle were soon lost to sight as they wandered through the fields, which were one mingled mass of grass and wild flowers, so sweet as to remind one of some great flower bed, and this accounts largely for the excellence of the cheese. Each spot of earth seems to be adapted to its own particular use.

That wonderful man, Jefferson, who stood for hours, until people

thought him mad, in admiration of what he called the most beautiful specimen of architecture in the world, known as the "Square House" in the Place des Arènes, at Nîmes, carried back from Italy not alone rice, but vines and workmen to cultivate them, who subsequently wrought such great progress in the development of Virginia. Wine at twenty-four cents a gallon is a very profitable crop, and is the main agricultural industry of all this part of Europe. Two million persons are employed in the vineyards of France, each person averaging 500 gallons of wine, or twenty-five gallons yearly for every man, woman, and child in France. Official reports indicate that the total vintage of

France, including Algeria and Tunis, will produce 1,200,000,000 gallons, the estimated value of which is \$190,000,000.

To one who keeps eyes and ears open, strange things are constantly presenting themselves. Here cows are used instead of oxen for drawing loads and ploughing, as well as for their milk; the "oil dip," the same as explorers find among the ruins of Luxor and Carthage, and such as served as a light in the days of the Saviour—"the sinless teacher"—is still in use. You will see quantities of bread for sale made from chestnut flour, and butcher shops where no other viand but horseflesh is for sale. In 1894, 23,186 horses

were slaughtered and sold as food in France, and twice as many more in Germany and Austria. It is well a new use has been found for the horse, otherwise, like the buffalo of the plains, he may become an extinct animal. There are in France alone 650 manufactories of automobiles, employing 100,000 workmen. It looks as if the horse, before the close of the twentieth century, will be entirely discarded in Europe for all use except for racing purposes, cavalry, and meat. There is a society in France for the promotion of the consumption of horse meat as a food, claiming for it superior hygienic virtues as well as gastronomic qualities over all other meat, and that as the horse is a much cleaner animal

than the hog, therefore the meat must be healthier. To cap the climax, we learn that the French are now making sausages from cat-meat. It is nice to know that the cat is good for something.

Another thing which will attract your attention while traveling on the Continent is the ever present and ever delusive lottery scheme. They are sanctioned by the State. The German Government derives an annual income of \$20,000,000 from lotteries; the Italian, \$15,000,000; the Portuguese, \$4,000,000; the Danish, \$250,000; and the Dutch, \$250,000. The lotteries are generally held on Saturday afternoon in the principal cities of the various

countries, and, strange to say, are patronized quite liberally by wealthy women for the excitement, the same as many leading society women in England to-day are breeding dogs and cats, and racing horses.

As you wander through the narrow and crooked streets of the cities and the villages (more especially in the South of Europe), the second stories of houses overhanging the streets, the windows small, the roofs either thatched with straw or covered with ancient tile, the stairs leading to the upper stories laid with stone steps, and one end of the house devoted to the family and the other end to the cattle (these houses, dating back some three or four cen-

turies), you can easily fancy that from out of such houses as these came Columbus and the men who went with him on that perilous voyage across the wild Atlantic in a tiny caravel, which modern seamen would deem a mere phantom boat.

As one stands gazing at these houses, it is impossible to restrain the wish that once again the men and women who have dwelt in them might come trooping forth, just as they were accustomed to do in the centuries which are dead and gone. Not any novel ever written can excel in interest the history (if truthfully repeated) of the joys and the sorrows, the ambitions and the failures, the hopes and the disappoint-

ments, the dreams and the realism, the tragedies and the comedies, connected with a bygone people. Such a book would surpass any romance ever printed, for it has been well said that one human life exceeds in pathos, in excitement, and in a healthful lesson, any novel as yet written or published in any language.

It was Wordsworth who wrote :

“ Ah ! what a warning for a thoughtless man,
Could field or grove, could any spot of
earth,
Show to his eye an image of the pangs
Which it hath witnessed ; render back an
echo
Of the sad steps by which it hath been trod.”

SEVENTEENTH LETTER

THROUGHOUT Europe, especially in Germany, Italy, and Scandinavia, even in very remote villages, you will come across glaring circulars, printed in the language of the country, issued by railroad companies in the United States (the Texas and Pacific, the Union Pacific, the Iron Mountain), showing a pretty farm-house, and barns, a pair of elegant horses at the door, and fields fairly loaded with grain. The land is all for sale at one dollar an acre, and, to the foreigner, it is made to

look as if he had but to move right in and take comfortable possession ; while, in all probability, the land is either under water, or at the top of some mountain, or produces nothing better than sage-brush. It should be a crime to fool these people so.

Jay Gould once told some gentlemen in London that when he was a boy he tried to tell the truth, but found people were more ready to believe a lie than the truth. It is undoubtedly true that his immense fortune was acquired by deceiving and hoodwinking the public. A prospectus of a railroad, a life insurance company, or any great business that told "the truth, and nothing but the truth," would fall flat.

Dennis C. Wilcox, once a leading business man of Connecticut, afterwards of New York City, related to me how at one time he was staying at the United States Hotel, in Saratoga, where he met William H. Vanderbilt, with whom he was well acquainted.

Mr. Vanderbilt told him that the New York Central Railroad was never so busy ; that they could not procure enough freight cars to do their business.

Wilcox told me that on the strength of this conversation he bought a thousand shares of New York Central stock, kept them for a year, and then sold at a loss of a little over nineteen thousand dollars.

Afterwards he saw Mr. Vanderbilt and, recalling the conversation, told Mr. Vanderbilt of his purchase and loss. Mr. Vanderbilt smiled and said: "Why, Wilcox, did you buy at that time? I was selling in those days."

It is amusing to read in the papers the records of game shot by Kings, Emperors, Czars, Dukes, and Princes, under the heading, "A Royal Record," as if it were something worthy of great note. Thomas Jefferson says in his time it was customary to send couriers from one King or Prince to another, sometimes over hundreds of miles, announcing the result of a day's chase. He was so disgusted with royalty in Europe, one

hundred years ago, that he described it as "knowing but one interest in life—the slaughter of birds, deer, and pigs," and royalty has changed but little since Jefferson lived in Europe, if one only substitutes for "the slaughter of birds, deer, and pigs," devotion to golf, horses, and yachts. Charles Kingsley, one of the noblest minds and sweetest souls the Christian Church has produced in this century, whose sublime teachings have ministered to the wants and cravings of poor human hearts of this generation perhaps better than those of any other writer, followed the hounds in pursuit of hares across the fields, dressed as an English sporting gentleman. If the Rev. Leonard Bacon

of New Haven, or Rev. Horace Bushnell of Hartford, had ridden in sportsman's garb, with the hounds, across the hills and valleys of Connecticut, their churches would have ostracised them, and their friends had them confined in some lunatic asylum.

Hunting in Europe is practically reserved for wealthy aristocrats, as every one must procure a license to hunt, and, in some countries, even to have a gun or pistol in your own house. The fee varies from five to thirty dollars a year. It is not unusual to read of a person having been shot while poaching. If you find a man hunting on your grounds in Europe, and he does not leave

quickly upon being ordered off, you may shoot him down like a dog, and never fear punishment. In many cases men are shot without the least warning to quit.

I have met two or three wealthy gentlemen who spoke of having killed men trespassing on their preserves as unconcernedly as an American soldier writes of killing a defenceless Filipino. It would seem as if it were high time another Christ was born to call a halt on the brutality of the existing human race, and preach anew the doctrine of kindness.

Christopher Columbus, whose discovery of the New World advanced the progress and development of

mankind more than any other event in two thousand years, won the sympathy and love of the untutored savages by showering upon the captive people unwonted kindness, presenting them with beautiful clothing, beads, ornaments, and returning them to their native fastnesses as missionaries to win over their tribes. Columbus' methods are still in advance of the white man's government of to-day. Every boy and girl in America should read Washington Irving's *Life of Columbus*.

The late strike of the postmen of Paris, which for two days caused an entire suspension of mail delivery, and was broken only by using soldiers to distribute the mails, brings

again to the surface the troubles and wrongs under which the toiling masses groan.

The postman receives a salary of \$240 a year. Under Napoleon III. there were 200,000 civil officers in France; now there are 600,000, and the number increases at the rate of 5000 every year. Even Republics come high. The French Government expends each year \$100, on the average, for every man, woman, and child. They are now discussing the creation of a pension for the working classes in England, France, and Germany. It would be opening the door for electoral bidding, each candidate, or party, outbidding the other in promises to increase the

pensions, until it would result in financial madness and national bankruptcy. The proposed scheme for an old-age pension now under discussion would cost the United Kingdom over one hundred and twenty-five million dollars per annum. The present Tory Government is committed to some scheme of this kind. Thirty-eight per cent. of all persons over sixty-five years of age in England are paupers. A poor ending to a lifetime of toil.

I meet in my travels many thoughtful men, who are saying it is better to be a citizen of some small power, like Switzerland, Belgium, or the Netherlands, than a great nation, whose vast conscripted army, un-

toward navy, and unhallowed ambition keeps it under a relentless taxation, and in an ever present peril of cruel war, and perhaps of annihilation.

Oliver Goldsmith, the champion and poet of the common people, in descanting upon the extravagances of his age, and the tendency for the few to monopolize all the money and all the land of England, said :

“ I inveigh against the increase of our luxuries ; and here also I expect the shout of modern politicians against me. For twenty or thirty years past it has been the fashion to consider luxury as one of the greatest national advantages ; and all the wis-

dom of antiquity, in that particular, as erroneous. Still, however, I must remain a professed ancient on that head, and continue to think those luxuries prejudicial to States by which so many vices are introduced and so many kingdoms have been undone."

And adds :

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay :

.

A time there was, 'ere England's grief began,
When every rood of ground maintained its
man."

EIGHTEENTH LETTER

IT is hardly possible for any one to live long in Europe without becoming interested in that ever-absorbing question, the religious and political power of the Catholic Church. That question is now more engrossing than ever, owing to the illness of the Pope, and the necessity of soon electing another. There are at present twenty-two foreign, and twenty-six Italian Cardinals, and fourteen vacancies in the Sacred College, and a single vote may turn the scale. The Italians are determined that the Pope

shall be an Italian, and that their influence shall continue supreme in the Church, as it has been for the last four hundred years. But there is a funny side to all this affair. A man high up in the Catholic Church, who lately visited the Pope, told me that when congratulating him upon arriving at his ninetieth year, the Pope smiled, and said, "I shall live to be one hundred," and added, "*then* we shall see."

It is to the credit of Pope Leo XIII., that when he was recently approached by a syndicate to take off his hands the manufacture of wines from the grapes grown in the gardens of the Vatican, of which he is fond, and offered, for the privilege of

labelling it "Wine grown by Leo XIII.," to contribute an enormous sum to Peter's pence—much as he needs money for religious, charitable, and political projects, he scorned the idea.

Two elements are always struggling for ascendancy in the Romish Church—one is the religious, the other the political. Good Catholics differ among themselves whether the election of a religious or a political Pope will redound more to the advancement and glory of the Church. The religious party, it is thought, will concentrate its votes on Cardinal Gotti, a Barefoot Carmelite monk from Genoa, distinguished for his learning and piety. The political

candidate will probably be either Cardinal Parocchi, the Vicar of Rome, or Cardinal Rampolli, the Papal Secretary of State.

The three Governments, France, Austria, and Spain, have the right of veto in the selection of a Pope. The present Pope, Leo XIII., is a political Pope ; his predecessor was a religious Pope. The present Pope represents that great element in the Catholic Church which demands the restoration of the temporal power of the Pope ; in other words, that the city of Rome shall be governed and controlled by the Church, and that the Italian Government shall renounce all authority over the same. It is argued that the moral and political prestige

of the Church suffers as long as the Pope remains a prisoner in the Vatican, and that the Church should have civil authority over the city of Rome, which has been its seat almost continuously now for two thousand years, and that it requires this authority to appropriately receive the religious and political embassies from all parts of the world. Every religious order in the Catholic Church has its central organization at Rome, and the meetings, pilgrimages, and ceremonies, it is claimed, are grievously hampered by a hostile civil authority.

It is the hope and prayer of every devout Catholic, that in some great upheaval in Europe, amid the clash

of arms and tottering thrones, and the destruction of political dynasties, the Church may emerge triumphant over its enemies, and once more rule in Rome, as it did before the days of Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi. So bitter is the feeling between the Catholic Church and the Italian Government, that Leo XIII. shuts himself up in the Vatican, and refuses to accept the yearly allowance voted by the Italian Parliament, so that there is to-day nearly \$20,000,000 to the credit of the Pope in the Italian Treasury, which he refuses to touch because, about 1870, the Italian Government confiscated property belonging to the Catholic Church to the value of \$200,000,000, scattered the

Popish army, and took the civil control of Rome and vicinity out of the hands of the Romish Church.

The Catholic Church embraces in its organization the concentrated wisdom of twenty centuries, and maintains, side by side, a political and a religious organization without a peer in the world. The main hope and prop of the young Czar in his disarmament programme is the zealous support he is receiving from the Pope. Catholicism is knit into the very fabric of society in Europe, and no government is able to conduct its affairs without either the political or the moral support of the Church, whether it has for its head the Emperor of Germany, the Emperor of

Austria, the King of Spain, the King of Belgium, the King of Italy, or the President of the French Republic.

Infidels may scoff, and agnostics may argue against all revealed religion, but the mass of mankind and womankind will continue to worship the one living and true God. Worship in Europe means something quite different from worship in America. One may not endorse or join in all their ceremonies ; some of them, however, are so touching and pathetic that you can never quite forget them.

One time I was at Monte Carlo, and witnessed a quaint ceremony at a little village near by. First in the

procession came a body of Roman guards, with drawn swords, carrying a blue banner ; after them came the Roman Governor and Judas Iscariot ; Pontius Pilate was washing his hands to emphasize his innocence ; then followed Christ, carrying his cross, followed by weeping women and children. This procession solemnly wound its way up the hill, amid thousands of silent spectators, just as the sun was setting behind the snow-clad Alps. The religious teachings of twenty centuries were thus crowded into that brief half-hour, and the remembrance of that solemn scene will linger with me so long as life shall last.

I attended recently, in Paris, the

Théâtre Cirque d'Été, and listened to an oratorio, "The Resurrection of Christ," written by a young Italian priest, Don Lorenzo Perosi. All Italy is resounding with the praises of this young priest. There was a full orchestra, and the personages comprised Christ, Mary Magdalene, the other Mary, Pilate, and two angels. There were solos for Christ and Mary, and a duet for the angels—a perfect gem. The orchestra was conducted by the young priest in his robes. He was recalled again and again, and modestly bowed his acknowledgments.

Every boy and girl on the Continent takes his or her first communion at ten years of age, and they are con-

firmed when twelve years old. It is a very pretty sight all over Europe to see the boys with their white and gold badges on the left arm, and the girls in white dresses, and long flowing white veils, walking along the streets or roadways, on their way to the church to be confirmed, accompanied by their friends. For two days before confirmation they are allowed no food except a little bouillon. After confirmation, and in fact after christenings, weddings, and funerals, it is customary to have refreshments at the house.

Everything possible is done in Europe to symbolize the Christian religion. The magnificent cathedrals adorned with grand paintings; the

chapels and monasteries crowning every hill; the prayer crucifixes, which line every highway, and are often set in the front walls of private houses; the strange religious processions; the Passion Play; in these, and in a thousand ways, have the teachings of the Saviour been brought to the notice and rapt attention of all mankind.

It is not within my province to criticise or praise the Catholic Church. It has existed for twenty centuries, and I see no reason why it shall not continue to exist as long as man has need of its divine ministrations. The Church is human, has had some faults, and may have some yet. It has yet some differences to overcome.

Archbishop Ireland says the Pope warned him not to allow the Jesuits to get control of the Roman Catholic College at Washington. The Jesuits, that order in the Roman Catholic Church which made so much trouble in the eighteenth century that they were banished from Portugal, Spain, and France, condemned by Pope Clement XIV. (1773), and expelled by Bismarck from Germany, advocate the absolute authority of the Pope in all matters of dogma and discipline. But remember, with all its faults and crimes, the Roman Catholic Church has carried aloft for two thousand years the banner of the Christian religion, preserved for us the writings of the disciples, and that without it

the teachings of Jesus Christ would have been lost amid the darkness of the Middle Ages. The Church is growing wiser and stronger as the years go by. It reads the same beautiful funeral service over king and beggar, it preaches the same Heaven for the millionaire and the pauper, and it promises Heaven only to those who repent and reform. It has soothed the death-bed of countless millions, and it has dispensed, and is to-day dispensing, relief to myriads of broken hearts, and without its sublime consolation of a Heaven beyond this mortal life, the world would be an aching void to the toiling masses in Europe. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in a beautiful poem, says :

“This world is a vaporous jest at best,
Tossed off by the gods in laughter ;
And a cruel attempt at wit were it,
If nothing better came after.”

The Roman Catholic Church, although containing five sixths of all the people professing Christianity on the Continent, no longer assumes to be (thanks largely to Americanism), the only Church of Christ on earth, but acknowledges the existence of other Christian churches, by whatever name they may be called, as co-workers in the great work of evangelizing the world and spreading the Christian religion ; each section of the Christian Church working in its own sphere ; each promulgating some of the vital truths of the religion of

Christ; all worshipping the same God, and looking for salvation through the mediation of the same Saviour. The world moves, and religion moves with it.

NINETEENTH LETTER

THE entire population of the world, at the death of the Roman Emperor Augustus, is estimated to have been a little over 54,000,000; the population of Europe before the discovery of America (1492) is estimated to have been about 50,000,000; to-day the population of Europe is 400,000,000, and of the world 1,500,000,000. It is useless to speculate what will happen if this fearful increase continues for another century, or two. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

To-day the human race jostle and crowd each other, struggling in swarms to secure a bare pittance. The millions who have perished in Ireland from hunger in the past one hundred years; the millions who have died, and the countless hordes still dying yearly in India, from famine, are cold matters of record, that seem to make no great impression upon us. The population of Ireland in 1841 was 8,175,124, and in 1891 4,704,750. In twenty years 270,000 houses were levelled to the ground under England's beneficent rule; there were in England and Wales alone, in 1891, 372,184 uninhabited houses; 2,500,000 people in India were receiving daily allowances

of food in 1898. There was in 1890 a great army of 2,407,580 registered paupers in the six countries, England, France, Germany, Russia, Austria and Italy ; and England alone had 780,451. Now comes the awful intelligence that thousands of people are dying from hunger in Russia, due to the failure of crops ; horses, cattle, and human beings dying together. Ten million persons are said to be in receipt of charitable relief, which, however, is of very insufficient character. Nearly a fourth of the whole area of European Russia, with a population of 25,000,000, is stricken. The Government has set apart \$22,000,000 for relief, whereas her army and navy devour no less than \$257,000,000

yearly. Yet there is enough in this world, and to spare, for every man, woman, and child. The curse of Russia, Ireland, and India is landlordism; a few men own all the land, and when the crops fail the peasants starve, and often die like rotten sheep.

“Man’s inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn.”

The population of Europe groans under an expropriation of the national wealth, the heritage of past ages, and dating back to Feudal times, when military conquest meant the wholesale confiscation of the goods and persons of a conquered people. But a financial revolution is accomplishing in a lifetime in America,

through syndicates, trusts, and monopolies, and the manipulation of public franchises, and the policy of "the public be damned" (as William H. Vanderbilt said), what it has taken ten centuries to bring to pass in Europe. Only 20,000 men out of the 250,000 voters in New York City pay any taxes; 31,000 men in the United States possess one-half of all the wealth, or as much as the other 15,000,000 men, based on the census of 1890; 3074 persons, or families, own as much as 91 per cent. of the entire population of the United States or, to put it another way, on a basis of 70,000,000 inhabitants, 4074 persons, or families, possess as much property as 63,000,-

ooo people. History records no such rapid concentration of wealth in the hands of the few since Cain killed Abel, and one man commenced to "boss it" over another. Governments in Europe, as well as in the United States, are thus becoming "governments by a few, for the few."

It has been truly said :

"The world has not seen, nor has the mind of man conceived of such miraculous wealth-gathering as are every-day tales to us. Aladdin's lamp is dimmed, and Monte Cristo becomes commonplace when compared to our magicians of finance and trade."

The Czar of Russia has an annual income of \$12,000,000 ; the Emperor

of Austria, \$4,000,000 ; the King of Italy, \$3,000,000 ; the Emperor of Germany, \$3,800,000 ; the King of Bavaria, a small province in Germany, \$1,412,000 ; and poor Spain pays her boy King \$2,000,000. The Queen of England and the royal family receive salaries amounting to \$3,000,000 annually.

These salaries, however, are but a drop in the bucket, if one only looks back through a series of years, and sees what history has charged against the accounts of most of these rulers, or their predecessors. Mulhall, the best living authority on statistics, says George III. cost England \$4,000,000,000, and Napoleon III. cost France \$2,024,000,000.

The people of Europe who are starving to death, or are toiling from the cradle to the grave to keep soul and body together, are not cheered by that silly poetry of Kipling's—they are looking and praying for a diviner poet, who will set forth the wrongs and the sufferings of the "white man," flesh of our flesh, and blood of our blood. They think over here the "white man" had burdens enough without taking any more on his shoulders. No German or Russian poet would even dare to-day to write, as Kipling wrote, that line, "No iron rule of kings." Prison doors would open very quickly, and close, even more quickly, behind him. A renowned professor of Berlin Uni-

versity, Hans Delbrück, was recently fined 500 marks for commenting unfavorably upon the expulsion by the German Government of the Danes from Schleswig. German papers published a few days ago statistics giving stupendous figures of several thousands of years' imprisonment which German subjects had, in the aggregate, passed in prison during the last ten years, for having expressed themselves in disrespectful terms about the Emperor. A boy thirteen years old was tried the other day in Germany for a similar offence, "*Majestätsbeleidigung*," as the term is. It ought to be a crime to have any such abominable word for ordinary mortals to pronounce.

Quite true it is that France, on the contrary, permits the most unlimited censure of the Government. Lately a distinguished French author wrote a book, *The Army against the Nation*, using these expressions : “ The barracks is nothing but the school of unclean vices : of laziness, sneaking *impudicité*, filthy debauchery, moral cowardice, and drunkenness. If these old men, upon whose sleeves stars grow as moss grows upon old benches, were capable of as much strategy in the field as of trickery in the offices, we should have no need of the Russian alliance.” After a long trial, in which much testimony was taken, the writer was acquitted of any criminal liability, and the judge

said he had rendered a public service by writing as he did. It is because of the unbridled license of the press in France that foreigners form an unjust and unfavorable impression as to the real stability of the French Government.

It is undoubtedly true that the evils under which the people of Europe groan are so embedded into their systems of government that nothing less than a revolution, and an upheaval of society, will ever bring adequate relief.

Thomas Jefferson wrote from Paris to President Washington in 1793, soon after the execution of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, giving a list of all the ancient abuses which the Revolution had abolished, and

under which the people of France had groaned for a century or more, and added, " My own affections have been deeply wounded by some of the martyrs to this cause; but rather than it should have failed, I would have seen half the earth desolated. Were there but an Adam and an Eve left in every country, and left free, it would be better than it now is."

Charitable people are often so wickedly imposed upon in Europe by the "fake" beggars, that after a while every one seems to grow very hard-hearted, and refuses to distinguish between the deserving and undeserving poor. Mendicity is a profession on the Continent; beggars and im-

postors are almost synonymous terms. It was disclosed by a recent investigation made on the part of the Government, that there are several professors in Paris who teach these impostors how to gaze at passers-by with white and apparently sightless eyes ; artificial stumps of legs and arms can be hired for one franc a day ; to cap the climax, there are books of addresses containing the names of charitable persons, one for five, another for fifteen francs, on the title page of which it says, " You will be able to live a year without applying twice to the same person." This is reducing begging to a system. It is proposed to pass a law forbidding begging, and it is said that the

mendicants will then resort to the hand-organ, which will prove a greater nuisance than even the plain, everyday, common beggar.

TWENTIETH LETTER

THERE are many pleasant, and many unpleasant things about a trip to Europe. You don't want a storm at sea. If any one says that he enjoys a storm, a hurricane on the ocean, I put him down as half a brute. Sea-sickness is a disturbance of the nerve centres, and the more delicate the organization, the more likely is sea-sickness. The North American Indian was never known to suffer from this trouble, while Darwin, the great scientist, never recovered from the sea-sickness under

which he suffered on his trip to South America. His stomach never got over the long-continued wrenching.

Don't listen to people who have nostrums to give you, or who advise you to stay on deck and fight it out. Lie down on your back, drink a little iced champagne with a cracker, and give your stomach and nervous system a chance to assimilate themselves to the motion of the ship. I shall never forget the advice of an old sea captain, who, early in life, told me at sea, "Keep your bowels open, young man, and never talk of bad weather until you are in the midst of it."

It is not nearly so warm in Europe as in America. The thermometer

rarely goes above 80° Fahrenheit in the shade. Sunstrokes and thunder-storms are a rarity.

The people are more affable than in the United States. You are sure of getting a pretty good meal at even the most out-of-the-way hotels. There is no such rush here as with us. Everybody takes it easy. An Englishman told me he once called on a lace manufacturer on the Continent and found the latter just going out to his noon meal. Although expecting to buy £5000 or £6000 worth of laces, and most anxious to get away that night to London, the manufacturer would not postpone his breakfast, and he told his customer to come

back at 3 P.M, if he wished to buy.

It is very expensive living in Europe. If anybody says he can live cheaper here than in America, then you may conclude he does not live in great luxury at home. At the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, or any similar hotel kept on the American plan, you can board much more comfortably than you can for double the money at any hotel or pension in Europe.

The curse of traveling or living in Europe is the *pourboire*, or fee nuisance. It is with you in the morning when you first get up, it follows you all day long, like a pestiferous fly, and only leaves you when

you are sound asleep in your bed, with your door locked. When you leave the hotel the bell is often rung, and the whole force stands out in line by the door,—the porter, the baggage man (chances are there will be two of them), the waiter, the bathman, the bootblack, and the chambermaid, every one smiling, with hands out for a franc or a mark, and blessings or suppressed curses will follow you according as you fee them.

If you go to a barber shop, besides paying for the shave you must pay four cents into the “pour” box. In some barber shops the fee is all the wages the workmen receive. If you go to a bath-house a tip is expected; if you hire a cab a tip is demanded

as a matter of right, and so it is continuously. If anybody does anything for you he expects some present for it. If you send your servant to the butcher's, baker's, or grocer's the servant expects and gets a commission from the merchant. If a merchant sends a package to your house, the person who brings it expects a fee. If you hire a courier or valet he gets a commission of five per cent. from the hotel on the amount of your bill unbeknown to you. No landlord dares refuse to pay this commission for fear the courier or valet will divert the customers to other hotels. If a guide goes with you shopping he will go back afterwards, and demand, and get,

his commission on your purchases. If you visit in a private family, no matter how rich, you are expected to fee the servants, chambermaid, and coachman. They charge you not only for what you eat at a restaurant, but also for the use of the napkins, dishes, etc. They charge you extra for the candles in your bedroom, and rush in ahead of you, and light them all. The charge is twenty cents a person for each day. They will put in fresh ones every morning whether you need them or not. Some economical travellers fill their bags with the unused candles, and when they go to a new place forbid the maid to light the candles in the room. They will charge extra for the

chambermaid who cares for your room, until you are literally bled in every move you make.

It all goes well so long as you pay liberally, and are not ill, but woe be unto you if severe sickness overtakes you. A friend, Mr. Beal, formerly one of the proprietors of the *Boston Post*, told me he was traveling with his wife a few years since on the Continent, and she was taken with the smallpox. The soldiers came to the hotel, carried her away to the hospital, and he was never permitted to see her again. Every day a soldier brought him word that she was better or worse, until in about two weeks they brought him word that she was dead and buried.

An American lady came to Cannes with her husband, who was suffering from consumption, and stayed at one of the leading hotels. He lingered a few days, and then died. She was weeping at his bedside, holding his hand, life had hardly left his body, when in walked the gendarmes, or what we know as policemen, and took his body away to the Church, where it could remain until buried. She was obliged, as are all people, to pay the hotel for every article of furniture in the room where her husband died, besides other enormous charges. At the same time the furniture will probably remain in the hotel, and be used by other guests the very next day.

And still, for all these drawbacks, it is probable that there is no spot on this planet so comfortable to live, and where one can get as much comfort out of life as on the Continent of Europe.

In the eighties, I met in Paris a gentleman born in Danbury, Connecticut, and who subsequently lived in Chicago, where he accumulated a large fortune. I asked him when he was going back to the United States, and he replied he thought never. I asked him why. He said that, although he did not speak a word of French, he expected to finish his days here with his wife and daughter. That he went back to America about three years before, and called on his

old friends in Chicago, and elsewhere, and they were all so glad to see him, and invited him to sit down. In about five minutes every one asked to be excused to answer a telegram, or to attend to some business, or to see some man, and he did not find a man in all United States to talk with over five minutes. He concluded that in America a man might as well be dead as to be out of business.

If you have the means to live without work, the Continent is surely the place to live. There is a certain fascination about the life. Coffee, and rolls, and eggs, in your bed at eight o'clock, breakfast at noon, and a good hour or two eating it; dinner at six or seven o'clock, and for six

months eaten mostly in the open air.

In Germany they have only one good meal a day, and that is at noon, and the rest is a pick-up, a cold meal, mostly at cafés or beer-gardens. But what the German lacks in food he makes up in beer. I know a German tutor who used to drink from twenty-five to twenty-eight glasses of beer at a sitting, and there are many like him. Last year the consumption of beer in Berlin reached the enormous figures of 67,639,000 gallons or on an average for every adult man and woman of 180 quarts a year.

TWENTY-FIRST LETTER

TROUVILLE is the most fashionable watering-place in France, and, next to Ostend, in Europe. It is an interesting and curious place to an American. The beach is lined with little houses on wheels, which you enter, don your bathing suit, and are drawn by horses out into the ocean, where you take your swim. But the vast majority of the people seem to prefer to wade in the surf rather than to swim. So men, women, and children will pull their clothes as high up around their waists

as possible, and wade for hours in the salt water. The front row at a ballet is a tame affair beside the sights you see at a French watering-place.

The time and place determines so largely what is proper. A lot of Asbury Park bathers, parading through Central Park in their bathing costumes, would throw into conniption fits all the saints and half the sinners in New York City. A line of half-enclosed public urinals, scattered along Broadway and Fifth Avenue, would shock the sensibilities of everybody, and still this is what you see all over Europe.

I was amused while visiting the flower market to see for sale great bunches of our wild, wayside, hated

thistle blossom, and they did look pretty. I asked what flower that was and they said it was a wild mountain flower for which they had a great sale.

Walking one day in the Palm Garden at Frankfort a.-M. I was amused to see a crowd about a plant, and stopped to see what it was. I found it labeled "American Velvet Plant," but it was our common New England mullein. In many parks and private grounds you will see the rhubarb plant used as an ornament ; also the white birch tree is much in vogue.

You will be astonished to see in all French markets at this season of the year such quantities of green walnuts and hazelnuts. They will be found almost daily at very many restau-

.

rants, and at most well-provided private tables. The French claim they are much more digestible green than when ripe, or dry, as we eat them.

You will look aghast at the way parents give wine in France, and beer in Germany, to their children and even to babies, little tots that can hardly walk. He is called a very mean man who has a glass of wine in France, or a mug of beer in Germany, and fails to give his children a sip out of the same glass.

Children after a certain age, say ten years, are separated, the boys being sent to a schoolhouse of their own and the girls likewise. The children go to school at 8 A.M., and, if the

parents are poor and request it, the children are kept in until 6 P.M., otherwise they are dismissed at 4 P.M.

You soon become disgusted, when you visit Europe, with the poodle nuisance. I cannot call it anything else. I never sleep in a strange bed that I don't imagine that possibly a woman and her nasty dog slept there the night before. The way French and English women hug, kiss, and fondle their miserable, unsightly, eyeless poodles is simply disgusting. Twenty per cent. of the aristocracy of England have no children, and seem to prefer raising Japanese pugs, now all the rage. Only recently they had a show in London devoted

exclusively to these contemptible Japanese poodles.

I beg of you not to infer from anything that I have written, or that you have read elsewhere, that the French are the most immoral people in the world. If foreigners (the Germans, Russians, Spaniards, English, and Americans) were excluded from Paris one year, immorality would starve to death there. As a rule the mass of the French people are sober, virtuous, industrious, and saving. Everybody is busy. Even by the roadside one sees little children knitting, and you rarely see an old lady sit down without some work in her hands. Out of every thousand births in Germany 141 are illegitimate, in

Sweden, 101, in Austria, 147, while in France, 84.

According to a record kept by the Chicago *Tribune*, the number of homicides in the United States in the ten years prior to 1895 was 48,834 (just think of it!), the number of legal executions, 1030, and of lynchings, 1655. In the same ten years there were in France 6620 homicides, less than fifty executions, and no lynchings.

A few days ago, if you had been with me at the Orleans station in Paris you would have seen a sight not to be witnessed at any other place on the globe. There were fourteen trains, each containing 500 passengers bound for Lourdes, in the

South of France. All classes of society were represented, and not a few bore noble names. A large proportion of the pilgrims were invalids, paralytics, consumptives, and sufferers from all kinds of diseases. They go to visit a church built over a cave in which the Virgin is said to have appeared in 1858. It was calculated that 60,000 pilgrims would assemble at Lourdes that week, as that was the time fixed by the Church for the annual pilgrimage. Who says that the age of faith is dead? Why not believe in the miracles there transpiring each year, as well as in those other miracles said to have been performed two thousand years ago on the hills of Judea? One is done under your

own eyes, while the verity of the other depends largely upon tradition and hearsay evidence.

Perhaps you have been to St. Anne, Canada, just below Quebec, and seen that pile of crutches, twenty to thirty feet high, thrown away by pilgrims who were cured at that famous shrine. It is almost useless to cavil when you witness these miraculous things yourself. Every one has the right of explaining these superhuman events as they choose.

In conclusion, I want you to think kindly of the French people, the only nation in Europe that has no aristocracy, and where every man is born free and equal before the law. Without their assistance, the Lion

would be floating over every Government building in America, instead of the Stars and Stripes, and your children would be singing "God Save the Queen," and not the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." Never swap an old friend for a new one. They sent us 10,000 trained soldiers and a magnificent navy, loaned us large sums of money, and made the American Republic a possibility. Without their assistance George Washington would have been shot as a rebel, and the Continental army deported to a worse than a Dry Tortugas. No grander figure has appeared in European or American history than Lafayette, the friend of Washington and of America.

TWENTY-SECOND LETTER

IT seems good to be back once more in London, where every one speaks the "mother tongue." It is impossible to forget England was the birth-place and home of Shakespeare, the dramatist; of Byron, the poet; of Burke, the orator; the three greatest men of the Anglo-Saxon, or any race, in their respective departments. A thousand links of blood and interest connect us with the hated inhabitants of these green islands, for not a nation anywhere loves them, and all the world would rejoice with Satanic

glee, at their overthrow. Their grasping disposition, their land-stealing operations, have disgusted every one.

China would have just as much justification in making war upon America because we refuse citizenship, or even entrance of her citizens to the United States, as the English have in making war upon the Boers. It is her eternal, overriding, grasping despotism that rules and has ruled in her counsels for two hundred years. The mill of the gods grinds slowly, but it is to be hoped that some day, somewhere, she will get her just deserts.

In talking with an Englishman a few days ago, I told him of a remark

made by a little English girl, which I happened to overhear at Geneva. She said, laughingly, to her American playmate, "We English are always grabbing," and my English friend said, "Yes, the girl was right, and an Englishman never drops anything that he once gets hold of, except, perhaps, his h's."

Hon. John Morley, the brightest Liberal statesman in England to-day, says, "The Imperial policy will in the end prove England's ruin." Many of her colonies are of no value and never will be; they only drain the treasury, and the best blood of the country, and are constantly embroiling England with the other powerful nations of the globe. Against a

combination of any two or three leading governments, she could not, and never expects to be able to, defend dominions, so vast, so scattered, and, many of them, so indefensible and unprotected.

While the Englishman may boast that the commerce of the world revolves around London, let him not forget that she produces only enough food to support her inhabitants for five and one-half months; and that at the end of a six months' siege, if persistently and successfully carried out, her own people would begin to die, like rats in a vat, from starvation.

Let him remember that two thirds of England, nine tenths of Ireland, and nineteen twentieths of Scotland,

are owned by a small group of landlords, and, according to Mulhall, a standard English authority, the land-owners and farmers have lost in capital, on account of competition with America, Australia, and Argentina, since 1880, \$2,250,000,000, or over \$150,000,000 yearly.

Let him remember that the average product per hand in the United States is three times as great as in Europe, and has a value four times as great. Let him remember that the coal-fields of Pennsylvania exceed in territory all France, and, while it is estimated that England's coal-fields will be exhausted in 230 years, that there is enough coal in the United States to supply the world for several centuries.

Let him remember that a little more than a century ago not more than 13,000 persons in all England wore stockings; that all persons were forbidden to wear clothes made abroad; that it was commanded to bury each corpse in a woollen shroud; that all woollen factories in Ireland were closed by Parliament in 1690; that these infamous laws were not all repealed until a very few years ago, and that all this was done in order to foster English factories.

Let him remember that Ireland has, ever since George II., been in a chronic state of misery, owing to England's barbarous legislation, and that even now each inhabitant lives,

on an average, on seven cents a day.

Let him remember that there are 1,638,000 land-owners in France, and only 19,275 in the United Kingdom. Let him remember that the support of the paupers of the United Kingdom requires an annual expenditure of \$60,000,000, or \$1.50 to each inhabitant. (This is far in excess of any other civilized country.) The United States expends \$2,500,000 for the support of her paupers yearly, an expenditure of four cents to each inhabitant.

Let him remember that the United States produces one third of the food product of the world; let him remember that, by careful calcu-

lation, 70,000,000 Americans represent as much working power, and accomplish as much each day, as 150,000,000 Europeans; let him remember that to-day England has more paupers to each 1000 inhabitants than any other civilized nation on the globe; let him remember that for a thousand years England has beaten her way over the world, as a snow-plow engine forces itself through great snowdrifts, regardless of what may be in the drift.

Let him remember that the United States, in one hundred years, will have 300,000,000 inhabitants, and that but one other power has the land and facilities of equal growth, or ability to support such an

immense population, and that is Russia, the great unknown and unsolvable problem of the future.

America and Russia possess the best part of the temperate zone on either hemisphere,—the natural home of the Caucasian race,—and as Gladstone said, “ Out of the womb of time are eventually to be evolved the two mightiest nations the world has ever seen—America and Russia.”

England and her colonies can boast only 60,000,000 whites, while Russia, with her enormous strides within the last forty years, to-day has a population of 110,000,000 whites; America has about 56,000,000 whites, per census of 1890.

Nearly every office in the Estab-

lished Church of England is a political sinecure, the same as the post-offices in America, except that private persons have the right to appoint about 10,000 clergymen to these endowed, or privileged, churches—benefices, as they are called. Nearly every vacancy in the Church, from the Archbishopric of Canterbury to the curacy of the humblest parish in England, is filled by the political party then in power, generally by some avowed champion of its political principles, or by one of the 10,000 persons (some of them of most dissolute character), holding the right of appointing the clergymen to their respective parishes, a system repugnant to the moral sen-

sibilities of this age, and a worthy invention only of a Roman pagan.

A few nights ago, I sat in the Strangers' Gallery of the House of Commons, and listened to these burning words, from one of Gladstone's old associates, in opposition to a pending "tithing bill" in aid of the Episcopal Church: "The bill provides relief for the suffering Clergy of the richest religious community in the civilized world, by a draft to be levied, without regard either to creed or means, on the whole body of the taxpayers of the nation." And this in a nation which pretends to lead the world in the march of civilization !

Another member of Parliament

said : " Parishioners could not even dismiss their Clergyman. They took him, like the weather, as a great natural and mysterious fact. If he was bright and cheerful, well and good ; if he was dull and drizzling he must be put up with. He was an appointee of the Government."

We little appreciate the benefits of the free institutions of America until we travel abroad. The hopes of mankind for the next one thousand years are centred in the triumph of American institutions,

" The last, best hope of mankind,"
over any other system of government in existence to-day.

Well might Jefferson—in many respects the most profound statesman

the world has seen in twenty centuries,—wish to have engraven on his monument at Monticello that he was “author of the act separating Church from State.” A thoughtful person, traversing Europe, can but wonder whether there would be any, and, if any how much, religious devotion, if the Church (the Established Church of England, the Greek Church of Russia, the Roman Catholic Church of many Continental countries), were compelled to depend upon the gifts of its followers, and not upon the public treasury; and, again, if the ever present crucifix, pictures, and symbols of Christ, and His sufferings on the cross, were banished, and all religions made to depend solely upon

the teachings of the Clergy, and the intelligent faith and benefactions of its believers. Even Republican France, atheistic as she is called, and ruled by the Free Masons, as it is claimed, appropriates annually from the public treasury over 40,000,000 francs for the support of the Catholic Clergy.

An intelligent Catholic prelate, Archbishop Ireland, who has been in Europe the past winter, and made some addresses, is several centuries in advance of the average European clergyman.

He is thus assailed in a leading Continental Catholic paper: "The American bishop recently came to Europe as the commercial traveler

of revolutionary ideas. A real scandal was caused by this successor of the Apostles congratulating France upon having become a Free Masonic Republic. Many prelates look upon Mgr. Ireland as a savage. He has been thoroughly described as a 'bombshell.' "

It is only a little over two thousand miles from America to Europe, but there is nearly two thousand years' difference between the political and religious institutions of the two hemispheres.

CONCLUSION.

IF the reader of this little book has found aught of amusement or instruction, however trifling, I shall feel fully paid for having dared to commit my rambling thoughts to the public.

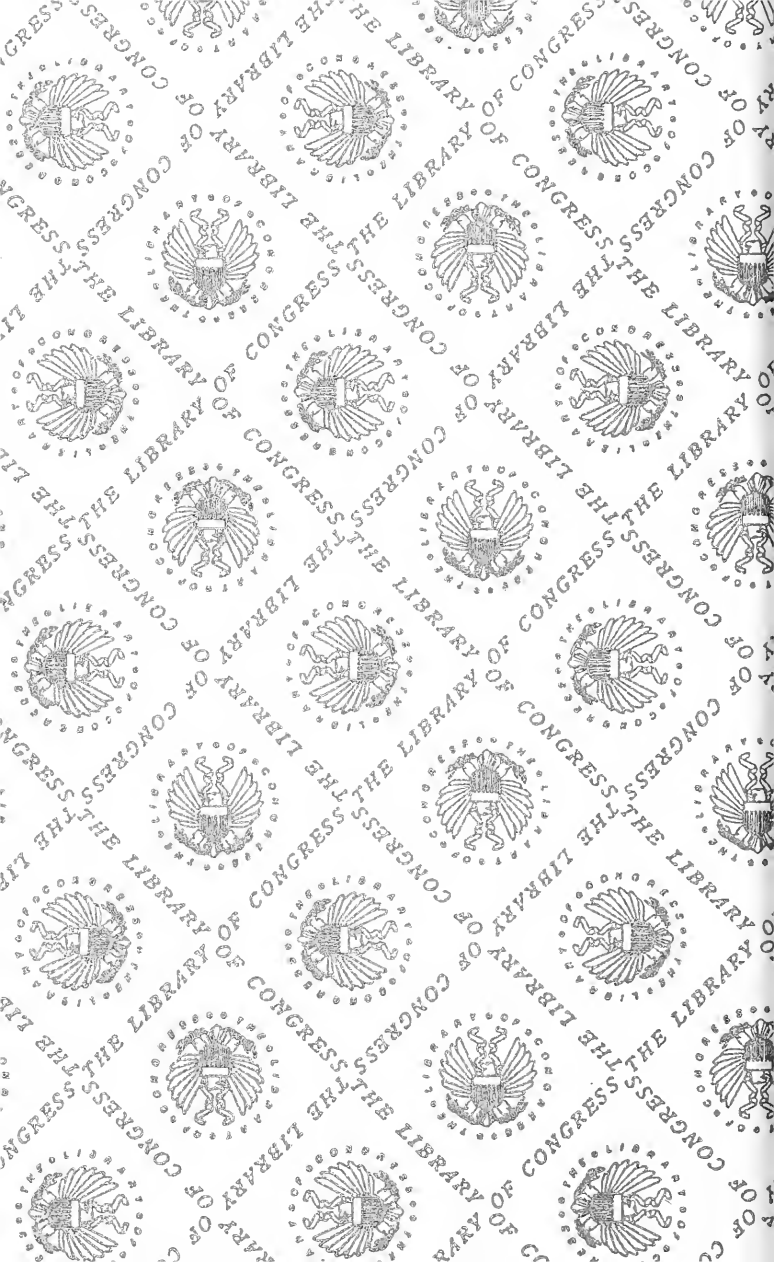
Its composition has helped me while away what might otherwise have been lonely hours. That everybody will agree with what I have written I do not expect. The best of us take only partial views of life and its surroundings.

In closing I can truly say, what one of England's great bards has said,

“Where'er we roam,
His first, best country ever is at home.”

FINIS.







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